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Sensual Summer Fashions: Silk Makes a Comeback

MAY 29, 1978

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NEW YORK

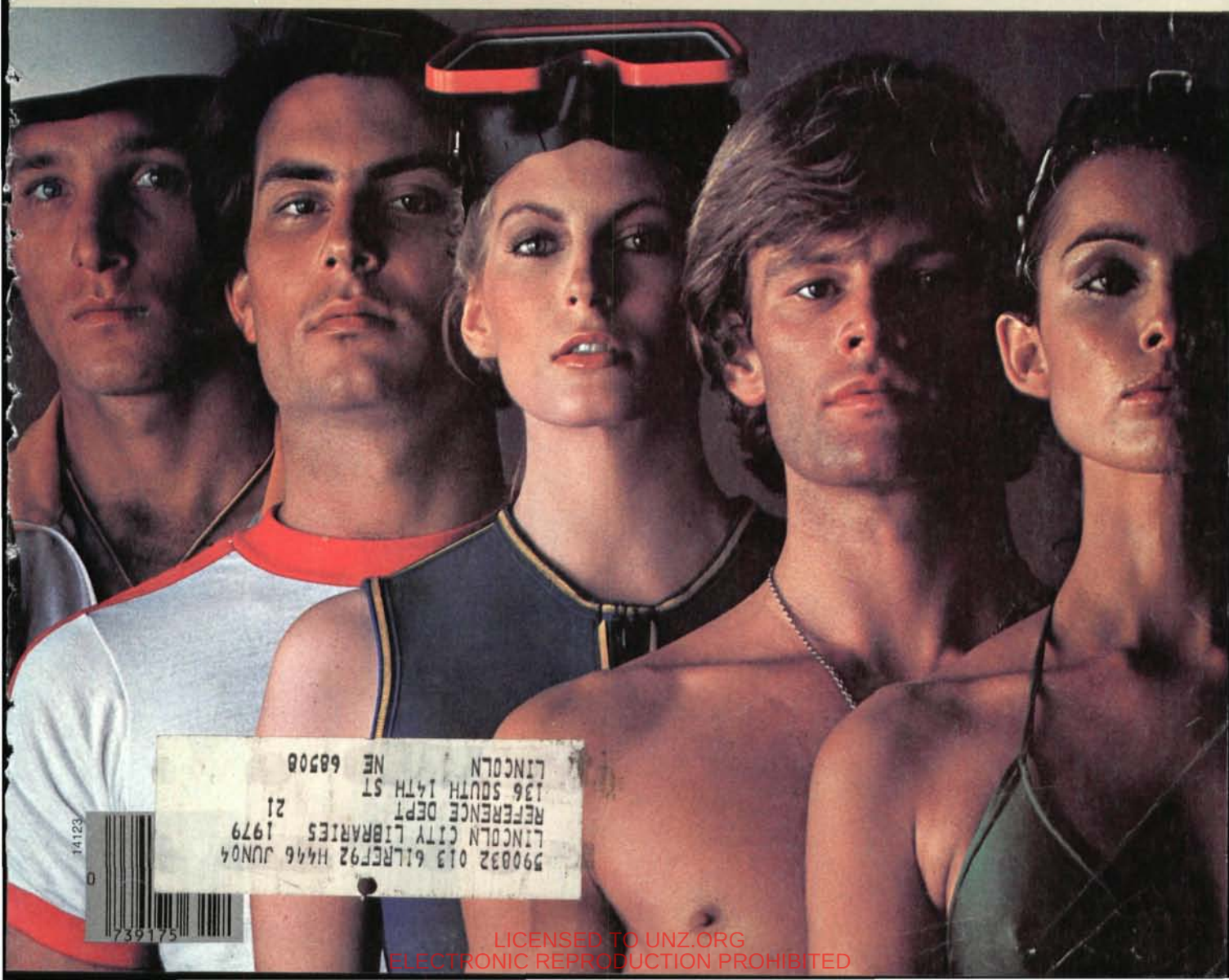
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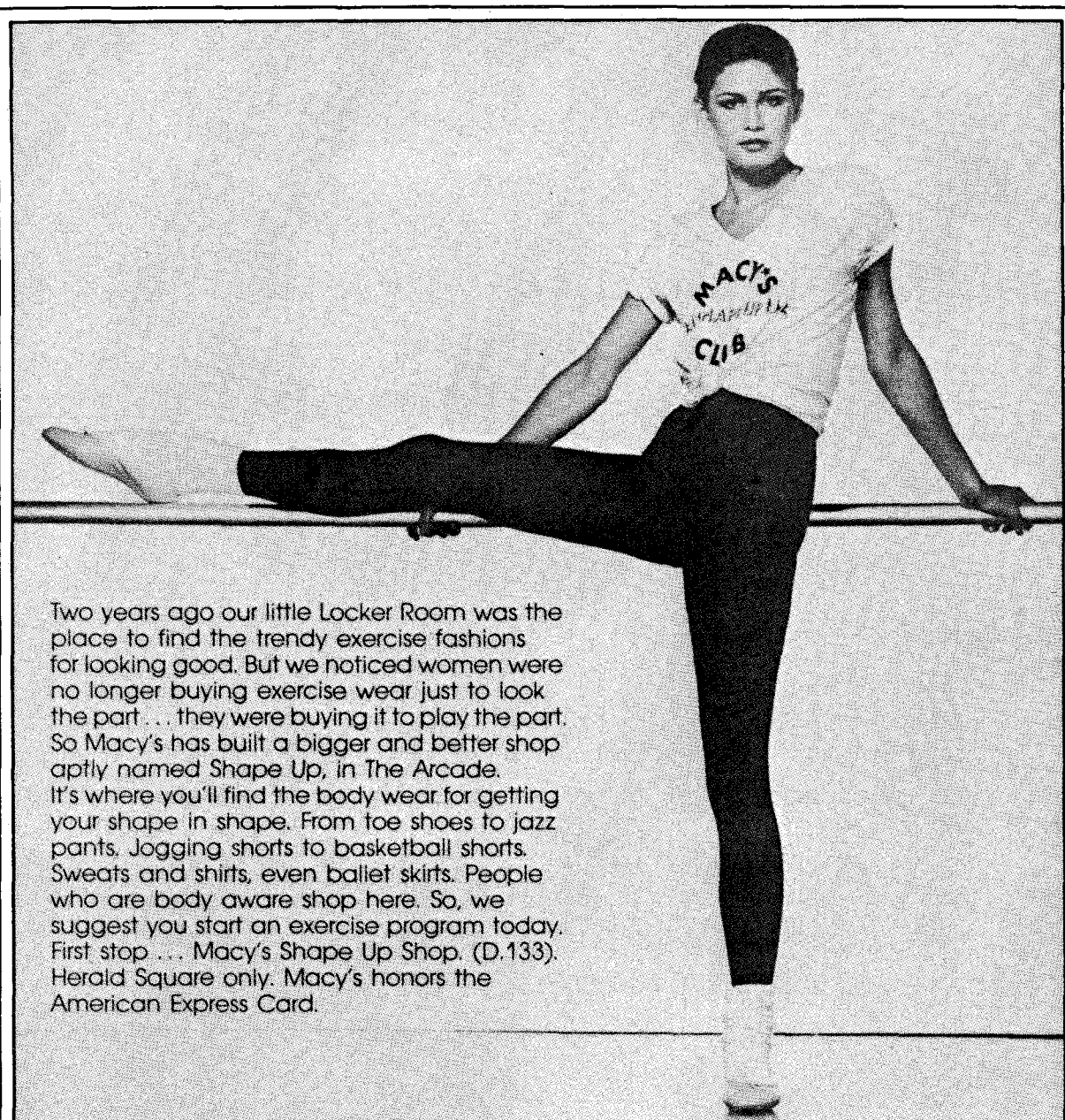


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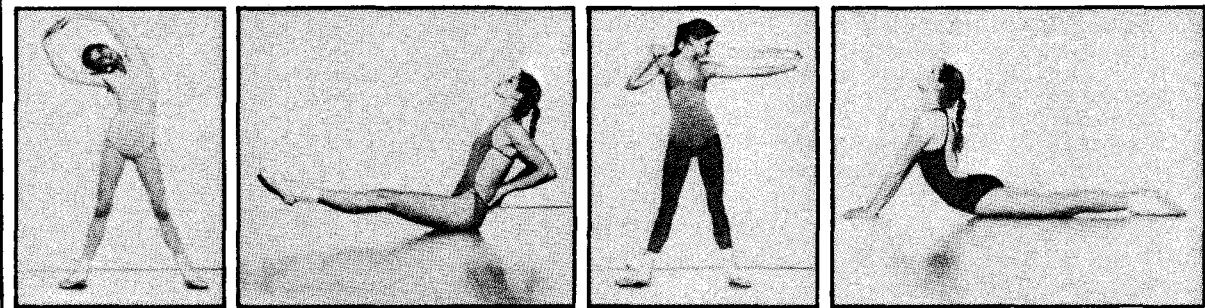
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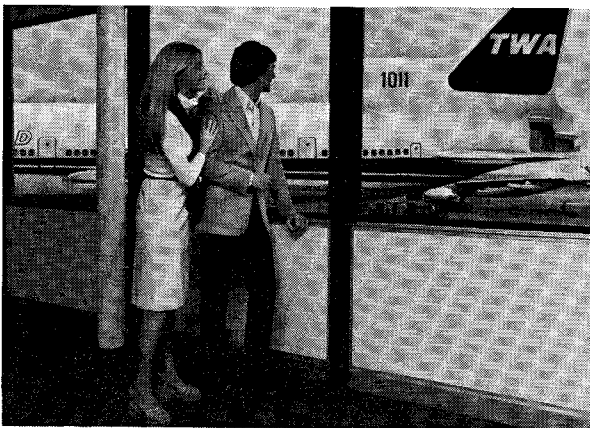
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TWA

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By Anthony Haden-Guest

Consider, and shed a tear over, the plight of Europe's terribly rich. Haunted by the specter of terrorism, or at least of creeping socialism, they have no choice but to spend their millions at home, or to flee elsewhere with as much lucre as they can export (legally or otherwise). It's a predicament that some of us might enjoy being in, but the dangers involved are definitely real.

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An Intimidating New Class: The Physical Elite

By John Van Doorn

Greater even than the dental-care mania that swept America in the twenties, the body-perfect movement invades every aspect of national behavior. You've all seen its revolutionaries; they fuss over food in restaurants, they show off in special clothes and carry special cases for their exercise gear, they go into spasms of muscular display while standing in line. Free (or so they think) of the hang-ups that drive the rest of us to cigarettes and drink, they have become a society apart. Is there nothing bad to say about this new physicality? Plenty, as it happens. In this special section on America's new elite, both good and bad are revealed in detail.

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If It Moves, Collect It

Produced by Peter Carlsen

A New York couple finds happiness (and now fame) from a passion for collecting the most amazing variety of high-class junk. Here are some items from their collection, all the way from rabbit door-stop to postcards of the Flatiron Building.

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The Sensuous Silks of Summer

Photographed by James McLoughlin

Natural fabrics are making a comeback, and silk is neither as pricey nor as fragile as you might think.

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How a Tough but Vulnerable Girl From the Midwest Found Success In a Dog-Eat-Dog World

By Louise Farr

In the movie *Network*, Faye Dunaway plays a gal from the Midwest who claws her way to a top job as a TV programming executive. Dunaway's character was based on Lin Bolen, then of NBC. What's more, Bolen's upcoming NBC series, *W.E.B.*, is about a gal from the Midwest who—guess what!

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Disco Sally Struts Her Stuff

By Bob Weiner

If you're a regular at Studio 54, you've surely noticed Disco Sally (Lippman), that spry 77-year-old who usually has a corps of ardent young swains in tow. Bob Weiner visited the lady recently and barely escaped unmolested.

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By Sidney Zion

Plans for a new West Side convention center may stay just that—plans. But in any event, we might have a multi-million-dollar boondoggle in the making.

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Leontyne's third *Trovatore* has both Price and Verdi at their best. Also, Tom Bentkowski on some new electronic rock.

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By Molly Haskell

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By Patricia Brooks

From now through early October, no fewer than 28 street festivals will take place in New York—Greek, Italian, Japanese, Tibetan, Afro-American. And more.

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By John Simon

Runaways moves uptown somewhat scathed; *Working* doesn't work.

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By Geraldine Fabrikant

On nine little side streets you can lose all sense of being in a city.

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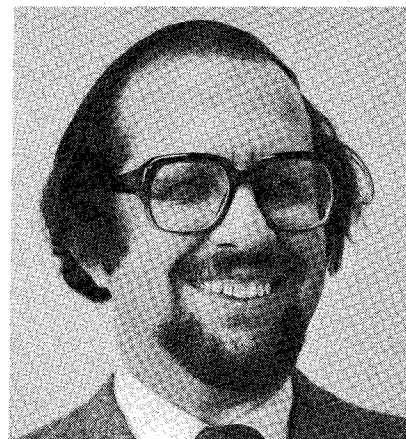
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The Song Still Remains the Same

New York Magazine

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LETTERS

The Little Things You Do Together

Kirk Nurock, in describing the job of orchestrator on Broadway ["Working on *Working*," by Studs Terkel, May 15], claims that "the orchestrator receives the songs in the form of a lead sheet. . . . What's on the lead sheet is the melody line, the lyrics to the melody line, and the chord symbols. . . . Period. Nothing more."

This is both false and misleading. At least one of the composers of *Working*, Mary Rodgers, composed and handed in complete piano copies of her songs, as do all composers worthy of the name. If Mr. Nurock and Steve Reinhart (the musical director) did any "arranging" of her music, it was against her wishes and in the interest of banal oversimplification, which is what lead sheets lead to.

Only illiterate, lazy, or pop composers use lead sheets. Richard Rodgers never has. Nor John Kander. Nor Charles Strouse. Nor any professional. Some composers for the stage are indeed illiterate and the orchestrators do their work for them, and they even sometimes write hits. But the rest of us sweat many hours over every note, writing every inner voice, "arranging" the song, and I resent Mr. Nurock's statement that "the orchestrator" (implying *all* orchestrators) does the composing. Mr. Nurock may indeed have had to arrange (i.e., fill out—i.e., compose) some of the music for *Working*, but let him work with professionals before he makes generalizations.

Stephen Sondheim
Manhattan

Honor Roll

The limitations of space in my article about Wingate High School ["The Born-Again School," May 15] did not permit me to give proper credit to all those who have made significant contributions to the school's revival. I wish to stress that the effectiveness of the school is due to a sustained team effort, led by such people as Robert Leder, the assistant principal for organization; Gloria Kaplan, the assistant principal for pupil personnel services; Ethel Howard, director of the reading program; Andrea Freshman, leader of the Basic Skills Minischool; Bert Posner and Marlene Contreras, who run the English Academy; Monte Whittington, who is responsible for Wingate Prep; Ellen McCatty and Howard Herzog, who coordinate the school's relation-

ships with colleges; Lou Cooper, the assistant principal for mathematics; Joan Reagan, the assistant principal for science; Morris Suenik, the assistant principal for social studies; and Nathan Ehrlich, the assistant principal for English. And to do justice to the hard-working teachers at Wingate would require listing another 150 names, for it is they who translate programs into daily reality for their students.

Diane Ravitch
Manhattan

Giving the Devil Its Due

Re Randy Cohen's "Answers to Hard Questions" [May 15], "How far is it between the devil and the deep blue sea?": The "devil" was the main seam on the side of the old wooden sailing ships, where the hull turned in toward the keel. It frequently needed caulking. At sea, this was done by heeling the ship to the other side and lowering a man over the side. If the wind shifted, the man would be between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Peter Carey
Washington, D.C.

Best in Show

We at *The Village Voice* were interested to read that Ed Sorel feels he did his best work for *New York*, since all the drawings he chose to reprint in your May 8 issue ["Character Assassination Doesn't Pay Too Well but the Work Is Steady"] originally appeared in our newspaper.

Marianne Partridge
Editor, *The Village Voice*
Manhattan

Ed Sorel replies: In the foreword to my book *Superpen*, I wrote, "I turned out some of my best illustrations [for *New York*], but almost all were in color and therefore could not be included in this collection." I hold to this appraisal of my work.

Correction: In "For Bread Alone" (May 15), an incorrect address was given for the Place for Antiques. The correct address is 993 Second Avenue.

In a special supplement on the Pacific as a vacation area in the May 22 issue of *New York*, the Pacific Area Travel Association was misidentified. We regret the error and apologize to all concerned.

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Star Remembers One Who Helped

Years ago, when Charles "Joe" Hynes was a legal-aid lawyer, he gave a lot of guidance to a troubled young man called Jimmy Andronica. Hynes eventually got the boy straightened out. Then he began working to get Andronica into college, finally getting him admitted to Defiance in Ohio. After that, Hynes lost touch with the young man. The other day, he got a call from him,

though. "I've done this movie and I'd like you and your family to be my guests at the premiere," said James Andronica. That's why Hynes arrived at the opening of *Nunzio* in a limo and it's why Andronica, writer and star of the movie, will be working in Hynes's campaign for attorney general, trying to get out the Italian vote for the man who got him out of trouble.



Sandra and Bruce Edwards: Plains no place for reformer.

Jimmy's Pastor Damns Plains

Those God-fearing folk in Jimmy Carter's hometown of Plains, Georgia, are going to be hoppin' mad when they read the book that Jimmy's former pastor, Bruce Edwards, has just completed. It's going to be a big seller, claims Edwards's agent, Bill Adler. Now being shown to several New York publishers, the book depicts Plains as a hotbed of bigotry, with perhaps only the Carter family emerging unscathed. Edwards, who was forced out of the Plains Baptist Church shortly after Jimmy's inauguration, recalls the hatred his adoption of a half-

Polynesian baby generated. The child was refused attention in the Plains church nursery because, as the good churchwoman supervising the place told him, "I'm not going to change the sheet under any nigger baby." Edwards also tells of threats to his life and Carter's following their efforts to desegregate the church. He says he had to dissuade the Reverend Martin Luther King Sr. from coming to preach in Plains, because he feared that King might be assassinated by the local Ku Klux Klan chapter.

Dean, Susskind Talking TV Deals

John Dean always did have the best timing of any of the Watergate felons. Even as Richard Nixon's apologia is bombing in the bookstores and John Ehrlichman's tome is falling off the best-seller lists, Dean is readying himself for television riches. One project under discussion is the mini-series David Susskind will make from Dean's ghostwritten best-seller, *Blind Ambition*. If one of the networks picks it up, Susskind, who paid around \$200,000 for the rights, will begin filming the series in September. Susskind also wants Dean as a semi-regular on his *People* show, and Dean, who already has a syndicated radio program, is interested.

Getting Rich Is Best Revenge

A few months ago, Robert Daley was going through the worst kind of rejection! His book *The Prince of the City* was turned down by half a dozen publishing houses. Finally, Houghton Mifflin came up with a reluctant bid of \$25,000 for the story of a New York cop. A month ago, John Travolta saw the manuscript and bid \$500,000 for the movie rights. And last week, at the paperback auction, Jove came up with a winning bid of \$650,000. Now, Daley and Robert Leuci (the subject of the book, who shares in the profits) are laughing all the way to the bank, and the editors at Houghton Mifflin are telling one another what great handicappers they are.

Marisa: No Part; Carr: No Fat

Nicola Pagett, who has been filming *Oliver's Story* here with Ryan O'Neal and Candice Bergen, is set to land one of Hollywood's most sought-after roles. Producer Allan Carr wants her for his *Vivien Leigh* epic. Carr originally gave the role to Marisa Berenson, proclaiming her "perfect" for the part. Of course, that all fell through with Marisa's messy divorce suit against Carr's co-producer, Jim Randall. Now, Carr is raving about Nicola, whose only exposure to mass American audiences was in *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *Anna Karenina*. He already has writer Gavin Lambert holed up in Beverly Hills, writing the script, and if Nicola tests okay it will be: Lights! Action! Camera!

Carr himself has been holed up at Duke University going through the rigors of the rice diet. The producer, who once had a bypass operation to bring his weight down and then had to have it



Nicola: The Vivien Leigh look.

undone, has lost 40 pounds so far. He could put it all back on in the week of parties which starts with the fortieth-birthday bash Randall is giving him and ends with the *Grease* premiere.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Manes Getting a Patronage Plum

The giant Citicorp had a problem. There it was with its sparkling new midtown headquarters containing half a dozen top restaurants and St. Peter's Lutheran church. The problem: A state law prohibits the sale of liquor within 200 feet of a church. So Citicorp hired Andrew Fisher (son of Harold, Governor Carey's closest confidant) to plead its case before the State Liquor Authority. Fisher managed to convince the State Liquor Authority that the church in the Citicorp Center wasn't exclusively a church (it's also used for storage and for social occasions), and the restaurants got their liquor licenses. This story does nothing to dispel the widely held belief that you need a lawyer who's plugged in politically if you are going before the SLA. The chairmanship of that body is one of the fattest political plums Carey has to dispense. "The county leader who controls the SLA chairman can pay off the lawyers who hang around his clubs by making sure they are the ones hired to 'expedite' the thousands of license applications and renewals the SLA hears each year," one Queens district leader was telling us. Hugh Marius, who has been acting chairman of the SLA since November, has been slashing red tape and trying to convey to supplicants that they don't need lawyers with political clout. Now, though, it looks as if the SLA is to be thrown back into the political arena. The governor, who can read bad polls as well as the next man, is wooing Queens boss Donald Manes for support in his reelection bid. He has decided to let Manes select the SLA chairman, and Manes is giving the post to Edward McLaughlin, a Forest Hills attorney currently assigned to the corporation counsel's office in City Hall. When all this comes to pass, there will be rejoicing among the Queens legal fraternity.



Allen and Meadows: Hoping for a happy life in the theater.

Steve Plans His Wake on Broadway

Steve Allen, who has not been a TV regular for years, is suddenly popping up everywhere. Steverino now has his sights set on Broadway, where he plans to present his first play next fall. It's autobiographical, is called *The Wake*, and deals with a Catholic family following the death of the matriarch. Steve plans to star in it with his wife, Jayne Meadows. They're getting used to working together

(and raising some of the money) by making a series of funny commercials for Ma Bell's long-distance division. Also funny, Steve hopes, is his other Broadway project, *Laughter on Olympus*. It's a spinoff from Steve's Peabody Award-winning TV show, *Meeting of the Minds*. This one will feature the output of all the great humorists, from Aristophanes to W. C. Fields.

Bianca to Win Her Freedom and \$1M



Bianca: Sweet to be single again.

The divorce of Mick and Bianca Jagger is going to be almost amicable. Mick's agreed to tear up their prenuptial agreement and settle \$1 million on Bianca, and she will give him unlimited access to their daughter, Jade. Mick didn't really want the divorce, but Bianca insisted, saying she wanted to "put my affairs in order" before seriously launching a film career. To that end, she's been staying in the Chateau Marmont (that's where you stop in Los Angeles if you want to be taken seriously) and meeting everyone. Bianca carefully delayed her arrival in the film capital until the day after Mick and companion Jerri Hall left.

Mayor Says It's Just Platonic

Mayor Ed Koch was working the crowd at a party the other night when someone introduced him to Larry Levenson, owner of the sex spa Plato's Retreat. Ed flinched. "I've never been there," he said quickly. Someone in the crowd asked the mayor why the city was trying to put Levenson out of business, pointing out that the swingers' establishment has been recently summoned by police, fire, health, liquor, and consumer-affairs officers and has lost its liquor license. "We're not trying to harass him," said the mayor. "He's just got to obey the law. Isn't that right?" "Right," said Levenson, "I agree with you." They shook hands and parted.

Buyers Line Up For Media Mag

For a magazine that is losing something like \$30,000 a month, *More* has a lot of suitors. Among the latest interested in buying the media magazine are Len Saffir, publisher of the short-lived *Trib*, and Joel Harnett, the man who trailed the field in the Democratic mayoral primary last year. No one knows what Saffir would do with *More*, but Harnett is said to have definite plans. He would pitch the magazine at the ad agencies and at market researchers, two fields he thinks aren't being properly covered in the media. *More's* current owner, Jim Adler, is keen to unload it. Circulation is thought to have dropped to about 14,000 (from a peak of 23,000), and ad pages have been numbering only four or five an issue lately.

WTC Stock Low With Tenants

The World Trade Center has had its share of woes and is still a long way from being fully occupied (without its state-government tenants, the complex would go broke). Now it is facing the possible loss of a major and prestigious tenant, the four exchanges that deal in commodities. Some members of the Combined Exchange Center Committee are so fed off by the building's malfunctioning that they want to break their lease, pay the \$1-million penalty involved, and find new quarters. "Elevator service is dreadful, and you have to call in an engineer just to change a light bulb," one member of the exchange committee complains. The four exchanges—the New York Mercantile, the Coffee and Sugar, the Cotton, and Comex—moved in just last July. They occupy three specially designed floors in the plaza building, which includes a two-story exchange with visitors' gallery. It would be hard to rent this unusual space to any new tenant.

NEW YORK IS IN A CONVENTIONAL DITHER

Promises, Promises

When it comes to working a wish into a promise, New York politicians take a backseat to nobody.

If this appears to the jaded as too obvious to mention, it is well to recall the exchange between Jefferson and Hamilton concerning the need for a Bill of Rights: Said Hamilton, "It goes without saying." Well, Jefferson countered, if it goes without saying it will go better said.

So now the latest rose garden laid before the city's beleaguered citizens: the convention center, which (we are told) will deliver balm and boom to the city's ravaged economy.

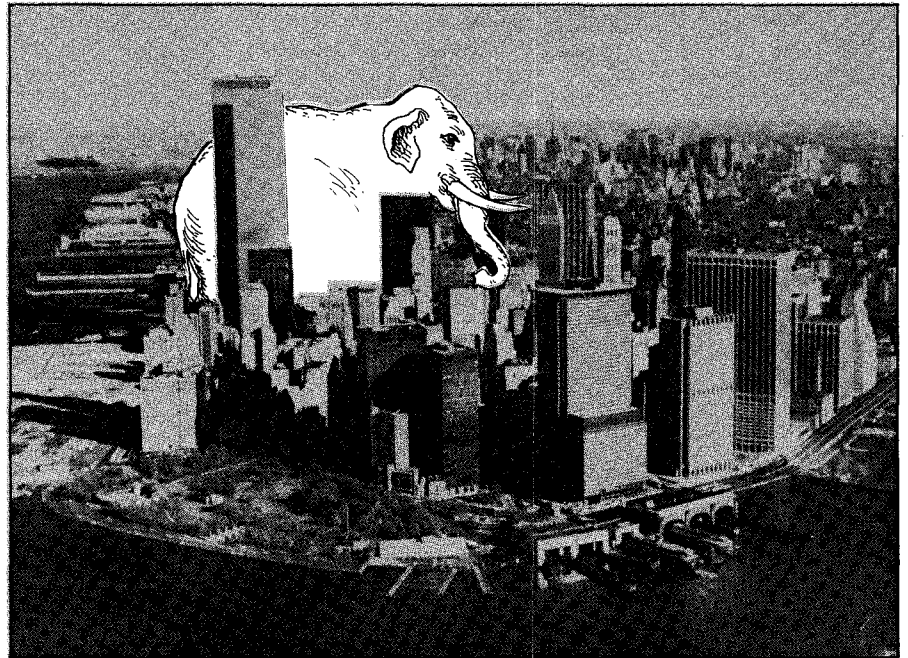
For a mere \$257 million, New York will rise again, will challenge Chicago as the nation's foremost draw for the giant exhibitions that bring people, money, jobs, and the rejuvenation of fallow areas.

When I was a boy, they used to say that if everyone in New York had housemaid's knee, everyone in Chicago would want it too. But leaving aside the implicit reversal of roles between New York and the erstwhile Second City, the convention center promises more boondoggle than boom—assuming it's built, which, as we'll see, is an assumption not shared by all the experts.

The plan, announced last month by Mayor Koch and Governor Carey with the ring of the *fait accompli*, calls for a 750,000-square-foot center in the Penn Central yards, running from 33rd Street to 39th Street between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. This is as far west as you can go in Manhattan—the next block is Hoboken—and is almost as distant as any place in town from subways, hotels, and restaurants.

Proximity to such facilities was thought to have been an imperative in past considerations of convention-center sites here for the simple reason that the market demanded it. Now, with no indication that prospective conventioners have changed their minds—and in face of a U.S. Supreme Court decision mandating reduction of auto traffic in Manhattan—we are told that the best possible place to erect a center is three long crosstown blocks from the nearest subway.

Environmentalists expect to have a field day with this air-pollution aspect,



and the federal Environmental Protection Agency might just nix the site.

But Koch and Carey appear unconcerned, as befits men who would give us Westway. They emphasize the space of the place, which, they say, will enable New York to compete successfully for big events with Chicago and other expansionist convention towns.

New York has indeed suffered from the lack of adequate exhibition space. The Coliseum, the city's largest center, has 320,000 available square feet. This makes it the eleventh-largest in the country, and with expansion proceeding elsewhere, we are bound to drop in the ratings if we maintain the status quo.

But just as space is not the only question, it is not the only answer.

There are, for example, only fifteen or sixteen events that require 750,000 square feet. Of these, some half dozen require *more* room. To accommodate them, Chicago's McCormick Place will this year spread to over 1 million square feet.

By the time the New York center is completed—if ever it starts—other cities will have larger halls. The estimated time of construction is five years; while it's possible that other giant exhibitions will be available by then, it's more than likely that our city will be obsolete and won't be able to compete for those shows.

But even if it is built, even if it's not

obsolete, and even if it attracts a fair share of this small universe, is it worth the cost? And what will the cost be? Who will pay it?

The City Planning Commission—and Carey and Koch—say that the building will go up for \$257 million. Given our experience with cost overruns—Yankee Stadium was pegged at \$24 million and ran anywhere from \$100 million to \$200 million—is anyone so committable as to give credence to numbers served up by politicians?

Four years ago, we were told that a convention center on West 44th Street would cost \$200 million. It was dropped because of the city's fiscal crisis—after \$13 million in start-up money went down the tubes. And of course, when last heard from, the city was still in a fiscal crisis.

What's new? According to our officials, 34th Street is what's new. The 44th Street site, formerly good, is now bad; the Penn Central yards, formerly not considered, are fine.

Meanwhile, the Coliseum, being old, is not even an item, although it's within walking distance of 20,000 hotel rooms and is serviced by six mass-transit and seven bus lines.

The big trouble with the Coliseum, say the officials, is that it's multileveled. What we need today is everything on one floor. Therefore, it would be "ridiculous" to expand the Coliseum, even

if its private operators are correct in estimating a cost of only \$70 million for a 900,000-square-foot facility.

But the one-floor argument—which is blurted out automatically the moment you mention the Coliseum—runs into difficulty when it is noticed that Chicago has three floors, just one fewer than the Coliseum. How do the proponents of 34th Street answer that one? They say that they will have two floors.

What makes this more confusing is that the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority (TBTA), the builder and owner of the Coliseum, is set to finance the construction of the new center by floating a bond issue.

Because 34th Street would almost certainly put the Coliseum out of business—so say the Coliseum's operators, and few, if any, deny it—this puts TBTA up against itself. Further, the Coliseum throws off half a million dollars a year to TBTA, which money goes directly to mass transit as a subsidy.

So, if the Coliseum is trashed as a result of the new center, that much is lost to mass transit.

And this raises a fundamental issue that some experts—most notably Theodore H. Kheel—believe makes it unlikely that 34th Street will be built.

The way the financing is planned, TBTA will sell its bonds in the market, a subterfuge commonly used to get around the constitutional requirement of public referendums on such matters.

The bonds are to be backed by a 35-year lease jointly entered into by the state and the city. This means that once construction is completed, TBTA is out clean. The state and city are obligated to pay the debt service, maintenance, insurance, and subsidies for losses. The total tab is open-ended, with debt service alone over \$20 million per year.

But, asks Mr. Kheel, how will the TBTA manage to sell the bonds? Triborough can only issue revenue bonds, i.e., bonds collateralized by income from the tollbooths. The surplus from these tolls, however, is by law committed to mass transit. Since Triborough has no taxing power, how can investors be certain that they are safe?

If the answer is that the city and state will stand behind the obligation by virtue of the lease arrangement, it should be remembered, as Kheel points out, that under the State Constitution the Legislature cannot bind future Legislatures. Each year, the Legislature must appropriate money to fund the lease, and it is under no legal compulsion to honor anything done by previous lawmakers.

Therefore, why should the bond



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market buy? The city, which according to the plan will pay half the lease costs, has no credit; the state, which has credit, can't bind itself.

Says Kheel: "The way it's set up now, it's not going to happen. The financing isn't in place, and I don't see how it can be put in place."

In response, Robert R. Prince, assistant secretary of TBTA, said that while it was true that the authority's surplus was committed to mass transit, bondholders would be paid out of toll funds if necessary.

"We don't reach surplus until the bondholders get theirs," Mr. Prince said. "But of course, Ted Kheel makes a good point. That is, we'd be in a pickle if we were forced to use funds that would otherwise go to mass transit in order to honor these bonds. We supply about \$90 million a year to transit."

Prince, however, said he was certain the state and city would honor their obligations and pick up all costs.

Still, who is to say the state will undertake the obligation? Calling around the Legislature, I found that the governor hadn't bothered to consult with Republican leaders before he made his announcement about the center—and hasn't consulted with them since.

Richard Jacques, director of tax and fiscal studies from the Republican minority leadership in the Assembly, said, "Carey says these things at press conferences and the papers treat it as if it's done."

When I told him what Robert Prince said, Jacques first expressed amazement and then chuckled. "I'll believe it when I see it," he said.

The same goes for the convention center, about which one question brings on another. Can it be done?

If yes, then why? Or why not?

One must surely hesitate before employing loaded words like "contract" and "pork barrel" in a place as pure as New York, a state devoid of machine politics. Still, if one can overlook this, even for a moment, one might consider that there is enough in a new convention center to keep the realtors, bankers, labor skates, lawyers, insurance companies, party faithful, and even a few lawmakers fat and sassy for the length of the lease.

But to think such thoughts is to forget we are a city in crisis. And that, as a politician reminded me the other day, could be the hidden reason why we need a convention center.

"Sometimes, when things look darkest," he noted, "the best thing is to run to Vegas and put it all on red."

We picked the right color, it goes better said.

OPENING THIS WEEK



Jimmy Breslin and Joe Brooks in *If Ever I See You Again*, a film, directed by Joe Brooks (and written, too), about a songwriter who begins a new career in Hollywood movies. Starts May 24th at Loews Tower East.



Phyllis Bash appears in the 40th anniversary production of Harold Rome's musical revue, *Pins and Needles*. Cast with members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union; it ran from 1937 to 1941, and played twice at Franklin D. Roosevelt's White House. From 5/30th, Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).



This rendering of a bison was fashioned by an artist who lived during the Upper Paleolithic era in France. The replica appears the Museum of Natural History in an exhibit opening May 24th.

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

May 23 through 30

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *House Calls*.
Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *The End*.
Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Thank God It's Friday*.
Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman*.
Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 5/23, *Two-Lane Blacktop*; *Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*. 5/24, *Memories of Underdevelopment*; *Blood of the Condor*. 5/25, *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*; *White Heat*. 5/26, 27, *Twentieth Century*; *His Girl Friday*. 5/28, *The Magic Flute*. 5/29, *The Touch*; *Face to Face*. 5/30, *La Guerre Est Finie*; *Grand Illusion*. 5/31, *Nazarin*; *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 5/22, 23, *I Vitelloni*; *We All Loved Each Other So Much*. 5/24, *The Pawnbroker*; *The Shop on Main Street*. 5/25, *Sally of the Sawdust*; *Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy*. 5/26, *Cabaret*; *Lenny*. 5/27, *The Importance of Being Earnest*; *The Horse's Mouth*. 5/28, *La Ronde*; *Liebele*. 5/29, *The Memory of Justice*. 5/30, *Odd Man Out*; *The Informer*. 5/31, *Kings of the Road*.
Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse*.
Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Nunzio*.
Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman*.
Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 5/25, *A Woman of Paris*. From 5/26, *Pirosmani*.
Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 5/23, *Maytime*; *Naughty Marietta*. 5/26, 27, *The Coconuts*; *Monkey Business*. 5/28, 29, *Black and White in Color*; *A Brief Vacation*. 5/30, *Tonight For Sure*; *Last Tango in Paris*. 5/31, 6/1, *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*; *A Man and a Woman*.
Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 5/30, *We Will All Meet in Paradise*. From 5/31, *The Servant and His Mistress*.
Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Pretty Baby*.
Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Thank God It's Friday*.
D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Saturday Night Fever*.
Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *F.I.S.T.*
8th St Playhouse, East of 6th (674-6516). Thru 5/29, *New Faces*. 5/30, 31, *The Graduate*; *Don't Drink The Water*.
86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *F.I.S.T.*
Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 5/23, *Julia*. From 5/24, *The Turning Point*.
E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose*.
Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Coming Home*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *House Calls*.
Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coming Home*.
Guilford, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 5/23, *For the Love of Benji*. From 5/24, *Here Come the Tigers*.
Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Chess Players*.
Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars*.
Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Greek Tycoon*.
Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Thank God It's Friday*.
Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.
Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *The Greek Tycoon*.
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 5/23, to be announced. From 5/24, *If Ever I See You Again*.
Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 5/25, *High Anxiety*. From 5/26, *Coming Home*. II. Thru 5/25, *Coming Home*. From 5/26, *American Graffiti*. III. Thru 5/25, *The Turning Point*. From 5/26, to be announced.
Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman*.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 5/23, noon, *Man of Aran*; 2:30, *The Princess and the Plumber*; 6 p.m. *What's Happening?* 5/25, 2:30, *Central Bazaar*; 6 p.m. *Girl*; *Kleiner Vogel*; 8:30, *Behindert*. 5/28, noon, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*; 2:30, *Laughter*; 5 p.m. *Man Hunt*. 5/29, 2:30, *Angels Over Broadway*; 6 p.m. *The Arrangement*. 5/30, 2:30, *China Strikes Back*; *The Four Hundred Million*.
New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 5/24, *Joseph Andrews*. From 5/25, *Come Back, Africa*.
Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 5/23, *Straight Time*; *Cross of Iron*. 5/24-30, *The Fury*; *The Sentinel*.
Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman*.
Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*.
Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 5/23, *Straight Time*. From 5/24, *The Fury*.
Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa*.
Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety*. II. Thru 5/25, *Annie Hall*. From 5/26, *Woman of Paris*. III. *Allegro Non Tropo*; *Betty Boop Scandals*. IV. Thru 5/25, *The Word Is Out*. From 5/26, *American Graffiti*.
Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *Fantasia*.
Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 5/23, 24, *Shake Hands With the Devil*; *The Whisperers*. 5/25-27, *Elmer Gantry*; *Bird Man of Alcatraz*. 5/28-30, *Red River*; *The Misfits*.

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *F.I.S.T.*
RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *High Anxiety*. II. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.
72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 5/23, *Coma*. From 5/24, to be announced.
68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *House Calls*.
St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 5/23, *Straight Time*. 5/24-30, *The Fury*.
Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Detective*.
Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 5/23, *Desire*; *Midnight*. 5/24, 25, *Kiss of Death*; *Pickup on South Street*. 5/26, 27, *Summertime*; *Quality Street*. 5/28, 29, *Beauty and the Beast*; *Orpheus*. 5/30, *La Femme Infidele*; *This Man Must Die*.
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 5/23, *State of the Union*; *This Day and Age*. 5/24, *Rules of the Game*; *Pepe Le Moko*. 5/25, *Reunion in Vienna*; *Devil May Care*. 5/26, 27, *Nothing Sacred*; *My Man Godfrey*. 5/28, *Twentieth Century*; *It Happened One Night*. 5/29, *Miracle of Morgan's Creek*; *Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend*. 5/30, *Just Imagine*; *Floradora Girl*.
34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Greek Tycoon*.
Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Coming Home*.
Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Coming Home*.
UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *House Calls*.
Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Carnal Knowledge*.
Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz*.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Beauty and the Beast—Cocteau's screen version of the famous fairy tale is both filmic and fabulous, elegant enough to make you forget that it is only in black-and-white. Josette Day and Jean Marais are charming in the main roles, as are the photography, decor, costumes and music. It is a good film for children to start maturing on, and adults to recapture the freshness of childhood from. 5/28, 29, Thalia.
Cabaret—A very effective Bob Fosse musical from the Broadway hit, with brilliant cinematography and ingenious direction, and visually persuasive recreation of pre-war Berlin at its wicked worst. Unfortunately, only Joel Grey's performing is up to snuff; all the other performances, including Liza Minnelli's, must be strenuously overlooked, which is not always easy. 5/26, Carnegie Hall Cinema.
Carnal Knowledge—A very funny and very sad film, directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel as the eternal roommates 20 years later who've never lost their adolescent hang-ups and attitudes toward women and sex. Waverly.
Cat and Mouse—Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and

Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Chess Players—A miniature-like film by Indian director Satyajit Ray sets the chess-playing obsession of two fatuous noblemen against the takeover of their province by the British in 1856. The ironies are slow, subtle, and schematic, but in the end, totally satisfying. Little Carnegie.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Steven Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Loews State I; RKO 86th St II.

Coma—Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Thru 5/23, 72nd St E.

Coming Home—Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Greenwich; Trans-Lux East; Trans-Lux 85th; Festival.

Dear Detective—Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscusly cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

The End—This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners seem more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Baronet.

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's movie is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullmann's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. 5/29, Bleecker St Cinema.

F.I.S.T.—Norman Jewison's drama of criminal infiltration in a teamster-style union only skims the surface of this fascinating subject, but it has charm and vitality. Sylvester Stallone as the charismatic, silver-tongued Johnny Kovak is always interesting, but the film lacks textural authenticity, and it hasn't the power drive to lift it off the ground. RKO Cinerama I & II; 86th St East; Eastside.

The Fury—Brian de Palma's thriller about telepathic troublemakers combines B-movie sleaze with A-movie elegance in a nerve-shattering but irresistibly funny horror film. Levitation and blood gushing from human orifices like geysers are but two of the outrageously unreal effects in a film that should be a smash with youth-and-inner-city audiences. Starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snod-

gress. From 5/24, Playboy; Olympia; St Marks Cinema.

The Grand Illusion—Jean Renoir's World War I prison-break film of 1937 is probably the best treatment of the dying of chivalry in warfare, and the passing of aristocracy from the modern world ever made. It is sad and wise and occasionally very funny, and it has a simplicity dependent on shrewdness and finesse. The acting by one and all is superlative. The only flaw is a slight sentimentality. 5/30, Bleecker Street Cinema.

The Greek Tycoon—This film à clef is bound to disappoint scandal-mongers for its shortage of dirty secrets. The story of Theo Thomas (Anthony Quinn) and the First Lady (Jacqueline Bisset) is like a travogue of the jet-set world which these two split between them like a game of monopoly. A P.R. version of the affair, but moderately entertaining and even moving. Loews State II and Cine; 34th St E.

High Anxiety—The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/homage to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Quad; RKO 86 I.

House Calls—Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. 68th St Playhouse; Gramercy; Art; U.A. East.

Joseph Andrews—This second adaptation of a Henry Fielding novel to be directed by Tony Richardson is earthier and dirtier and uglier than *Tom Jones*. Ann-Margret, Michael Hordern, Jim Dale, and John Gielgud are fine in supporting roles, but Peter Firth is just another pretty face as the bumbling hero. Thru 5/24, New Yorker.

Julia—Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinnemann has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Thru 5/23, Embassy 72nd.

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Madame Rosa—This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, old and puffy whore. Plaza.

The Magic Flute—Though Ingmar Bergman's version may be the best filmed opera ever, unfortunately that does not mean very much. For all his good intentions and cinematic achievements, Bergman hasn't been much help to Mozart. The trouble with putting opera on film is that even when you do it right, you are wrong to do it at all, just reminding us how much better it would be in the opera house, where it belongs. 5/28, Bleecker St Cinema.

Memories of Underdevelopment—This 1968 Cuban film, set in 1961, is concerned with an aspiring writer who remains behind while his family flees the revolution. It provides fascinating sights of Havana and insights into her people and into a thoughtful man caught in the alienation of social change. 5/24, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Nunzio—Shot in an Italian section of Brooklyn and directed by Paul Williams, this film about a mentally retarded man (David Proval) spares us the more dispiriting clichés of the genre and has some lovely action (by Proval, Morgana King, and James Andronica who also wrote the script), but it goes way off into kiddieville with its cartoon fantasy ending. Cinema II.

Pirosmani—Georgi Shengelaava's depiction of the life of a painter. Made in Georgia (U.S.S.R.) in 1971, this is its first presentation in the United States. From 5/26, Cinema Studio.

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Coronet.

The Servant and His Mistress—Character study about two people (Victor Lanoux and Andrea Ferreol) who are drawn into a destructive love-hate relationship. From 5/31, Columbia I.

Straight Time—Dustin Hoffman gives a fascinating performance as a small-time hoodlum in a grim and funny film that is just this side of depressing. Or perhaps just the other side. The supporting cast of Theresa Russell, Harry Dean Stanton, Gary Bussey and M. Emmet Walsh keeps us from noticing the plot holes in this L.A. caper film. Thru 5/23, Playboy, St Marks Cinema, and Olympia.

Thank God It's Friday—A poor man's *Nashville*, and I mean poor. The Zoo is the mecca for disco freaks whose witless schticks take up an interminable introduction until the music finally takes over. Loews Orpheum; Criterion; Bay Cinema.

The Turning Point—Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. From 5/24, Embassy 72nd.

An Unmarried Woman—Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill; Cinema III.

Viteloni—Fellini's masterpiece, the ultimate statement on the tragicomic lives of unfulfilled young people in a small town in Italy—or anywhere else in the world. Incisive, yet gentle, melancholy yet smiling, it is a film bursting with the beauty and sadness and absurd comedy of existence, made by a true artist at the height of his powers of insight, sympathy, and ironic detachment. Above all, there is none of Fellini's later crudity or condescension, no smugness and reaching for cheap effects. Perfect performances sensitively directed, and enveloped by Nino Rota's enchanting score. 5/22, 23, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

We All Loved Each Other So Much—Ettore Scola's fuzzy, untidy affair, with a script by Age and Scarpelli, who seem to be responsible for (or should I say guilty of?) half of Italy's screenplays, and tell of three World War II buddies who all loved the same girl at various times and sometimes simultaneously. Film is founded on a major lie, the assumption that three close friends can lose track of one another for years in Rome, which as everyone knows, is a village. 5/22, 23, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

We Will All Meet in Paradise—The Sequel to *Pardon My Affair* has some very funny scenes but it sparkles less than its predecessor. The four Frenchmen—played by Jean Rocheford, Victor Lanoux, Guy Bedos, and Claude Brasseur—strain to convey the kind of funny, slobbery, infantile relationship that the Italians can do in their sleep. Thru 5/30, Columbia I.

A Woman of Paris—Chaplin's 1923 romantic melodrama starring Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou is being re-released commercially for the first time since the 20s. The Victorian plot mechanics are redeemed by Chaplin's extraordinarily subtle treatment of an illicit affair, and a shimmering, ambiguous performance by Menjou. Thru 5/25, Cinema Studio; from 5/26, Quad.

Word Is Out—Stories of some of our lives made by the Mariposa Film Group, six San Francisco-based documentary filmmakers, presenting conversations with 26 gay men and women from a variety of age groups, cultures, lifestyles, and geographic backgrounds. Quad.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Friday, May 26

Once in a Lifetime—A revival of the George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart comedy about Hollywood in 1929 when the movies were just learning how to talk. With George S. Irving, John Lithgow, Deborah May, Rosemary Murphy, Treat Williams, and Max Wright. Directed by Tom Moore. Previews start tonight prior to a 6/15 opening. Will run through 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Monday, May 29

Tribute—Jack Lemmon stars in a new play by Bernard (Same Time, Next Year) Slade, about a father trying to reestablish a relationship with his son after a long separation. With A. Larry Haines, Rosemary Prinz, Tresa Hughes, Robert Picardo, Catherine Hicks, and Joan Welles. Previews start tonight prior to a 6/1 opening. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

CURRENT

The Act—Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Gower Champion plays opposite Liza. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 7/1. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Ain't Misbehavin'—Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlene Woodard, and Neil Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, under the guidance of Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie—Oliver Twist in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two—Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of 42nd St. Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it

bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage—Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum. (JU 2-3897), thru 5/28.

Da—On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, and Bernard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'—Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like interecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

POLITICAL ACTIVIST



Steven Hiot plays Daniel Berrigan in a production of **The Trial of the Catonsville Nine**, directed by Phillip Wilson, based on actual trial transcripts from the 1968 case. 5/26-28, 6/2-4, at 7:30. Trinity Lutheran Church, 168 W 100th St (865-2453).

Deathtrap—Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula—Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf—Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an

enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini—Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game—A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease—Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!—A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife—Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!—Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century—Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Runaways—A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about

growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year—Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of B'dway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!—The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & B'dway (757-7064).

The Wiz—Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with vivacious choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (C17-7992).

Working—A new musical adaptation of Studs Terkel's best-seller about the working lives of America's "ordinary people," directed and adapted by Stephen Schwartz, with original songs by Craig Carnelia, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers, Susan Birkenhead, Stephen Schwartz, and James Taylor. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 3. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory—Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw*, thru 6/25. Lanford Wilson's *The Great Nebula in Orion*. Megan Terry's *Ex-Miss Copper Queen on a Set of Pills*. Thru 5/27. \$3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Alienation and Fantasy in Modern Life—Lewis Gardner's comic revue without music. 5/29-6/2, 6/5-9, at 1:15 p.m. Bring your lunch. \$1.50. Quail Lunchtime Theater, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Androcles and the Lion—George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Alan Simpson. Fri thru Sun, thru 5/28, at 7:30 p.m. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Auditions for the Last Round-Up—About a reunion of a group of hippies after six years' separation. By James Crafford, directed by Phyllis Craig. From 5/29. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (586-9763).

The Bacchae—Euripides's tragedy about the conflict between flesh and spirit, directed by David Gild. 5/26-28. Fri & Sun at 8:30; Sat at 7 & 9:30. St John the Divine, 112th & Amsterdam (678-6900).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Entermedia Theater, 2nd Ave & 12th St (475-4191).

Birdbath—A play by the great Leonard Melfi, on a double bill with *Ferryboat*, both directed by Richard Scully. 6/2-4. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (473-9054).

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A musical revue whose music must have been found on a trash heap, and whose cast tries to make a virtue of impersonality, deserves short shrift. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

Boat Sun Cavern—Play with music by Arthur Sainer, about two couples who demonstrate against a nuclear power plant in their town. Directed by Crystal Field. Thurs thru Sun, thru 5/28. \$2.50. Theater for New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Cagliostro—An original three-act play by William Rorer, directed by Martin Zurla, based on a fictitious hearing in the Vatican prior to Cagliostro's inquisition. Thurs thru Sat thru 5/27. Raft Theater, Ltd. 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Catsplay—Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season. It is wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefulness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, B'dway at 76th (799-7690).

Carmencita—Book and lyrics by Manuel Martin Jr., music by Tania Leon and Coleridge T. Perkinson, choreography by Martial Roumain. Fri thru Sun, at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 3 p.m., thru 6/25. INTAR, 420 W 42nd (247-6776).

The Chairs—Eugene Ionesco's play, directed by Ron Johnston. Fri thru Sun 5/26-28. Fri & Sun at 8; Sat at 7 & 10. Loretto Playhouse, 20 Bleecker (242-3900).

Company—The 1970 musical by Sondheim and Furth. Tues thru Sun, thru 5/28. ELT Playhouse, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

The Comrades—August Strindberg's play, directed by Katrin Tralongo. Mon thru Wed at 8 p.m. Fri at 9:30 & Sat at 2:30, thru 5/24. \$2.50. Shelter West Company, 15 Van Dam St (675-0948).

The Conversion—David Ives's comedy about contemporary mores, directed by Lynn M. Thomson. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. 5/25-6/11. \$3. AMDA Studio (Ansonia), 2109 B'dway at 73rd (581-5295).

Cops—A play written by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago where cops hang out, which suddenly becomes the setting for a shoot-out. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 8 & 10. \$4, \$5, \$6. Thru 6/11, The Envelope, 35 Wooster St in Soho (966-3651).

The Death and Life of Jesse James—Allan Carlsen stars as Jesse in Len Jenkin's new play, directed by Gene Nye. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5 & 9; Sun at 3. Westside Airline Terminal (42nd St at 10th) (947-4224).

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty's adaptation of the correspondence between GBS and Mrs. Campbell. Wed thru Sun, 5/24-28, at 8 p.m. Shirtsleeve Theater, 931 First Ave (223-0111).

Diet Theatre—A new comedy by Erik Brogger, directed by Robert Engels. 5/26 & 27 at 10:30 p.m. 5/28, 29, at 7:30 p.m. \$2.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (242-3900).

Don Juan—Moliere's play, directed by David Willinger. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5. Thru 6/4. \$3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Double Bill—Walter Corwin's *Candy Cain* and *Bogged Down in D.C.*, directed by Pat Golden. Thurs to Sat at 8; 5/25-6/10. Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (691-2220).

Double Bill—Richard Harris's three-character comedy *Partners*, set in the Chelsea-Clinton area, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 5/28. Edmund Wilson's *This Room and This Gin* and *These Sandwiches*, dealing with the glory and decline of Greenwich Village after WWII, Thurs thru Sun, at 8 p.m. 6/1-25. \$3. BMT, 137 W 22nd (691-7950).

Double Bill—J. M. Synge's *In the Shadow of the Glen*, and Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty*. 5/26-28, 31-6/4, at 8:30. \$2.50. New Media, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Double Bill—Lonne Elder III's *Seven Comes Up*, *Seven Comes Down*, and Alice Childress's *Wine in the Wilderness*, both directed by Adeyemi Lythcott. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. \$6.50. Thru 6/4. National Black Theater, 9 E 125th (427-5615).

Double Bill—Anton Chekhov's *The Armful of Tobacco*, and Eugene Ionesco's *The Lesson*. Fri & Sat at 8, thru 6/17. \$3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Family Business—Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of

melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but interracially embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six, however, is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks—Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-B'dway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July—Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 5/28. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Fourth Wall Repertory—Ken Krauss's *Don't Stand in the Doorway*; Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru 5/27, \$3.50. *Off the Wall*, a comedy revue; Thurs at 10 p.m. Fri & Sat at 11:30 p.m. thru 5/27, \$2.50. Provincetown Playhouse, 13 MacDougal St (254-5060).

The Good Woman of Setzuan—Bertolt Brecht's, directed by Andrei Serban, music by Elizabeth Swados, 5/24-28, 5/31-6/4, at 7:30. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Hooters—Ted Tally's comedy. Tues thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 & 7:30. \$4. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd (564-1235).

I Am a Camera—John Van Druten's play, based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, Thru 5/28. Thurs and Sat at 8:30, Sun at 3 p.m. \$3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 334 E 14th (674-7200).

International Stud—Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 5 & 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Jean Cocteau Repertory—T.S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, 5/27 at 7:30; Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, 5/27 at 10:30; Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, 5/26 at 7:30, 5/28 at 3 p.m. and Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, 5/28 at 7 p.m. Bowery Lane, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

A Life in the Theater—David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us José Ferrer as an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lunatics at Large—James Reach's comic murder mystery directed by Edmund W. Trust. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, thru 6/6. Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th (924-8400).

Mango Tango—Jessica Hagedorn's poem-play with music about a rock 'n' roll child of Manila and her odyssey in America. 5/23-28 at 8 p.m. Public Theater/Other Stage, 425 Lafayette St (677-1760).

Man-Wo-Man—Ed Bullins's *Michael*, and Neil Harris's *Passion Without Reason*, presented by Black Osmosis/Solid Productions. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. thru 6/11. \$4. New Heritage Repertory, 43 E 125th St (876-3272).

Moliere in Spite of Himself—Mikhail Bulgakov's not very good *A Cabal of Hypocrites* adapted into a much worse and unendurably longer play by Michael Lessac, who also directed the cast into what he must have taken to be stylization, but is mostly palsied delivery further overwhelmed by unmeaningful pauses. Tues thru Sat at 7:40 p.m. thru 5/31. Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

The Moment—An essay by Virginia Woolf, adapted and directed by Linda Mussman, with Claudia Bruce and Ron Harrington. Fri & Sat thru May, at 8 p.m. \$3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

Nyatt School—Theater piece by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte, directed by LeCompte. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, thru 6/18. The Performing Garage, 33-35 Wooster St (966-3651).

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AROUND TOWN

On With the Stuff: Four Whores in Outer Space—Jessie Hill's science-fiction drama, Mon thru Fri, thru 5/26, at 1:15 p.m. \$1.50. Bring your lunch. Quagha Theater, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd St (221-9088).

The Passion of Dracula—Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Phantom—Based on *Phantom of the Opera*, directed by Edward Brown, musical is the story of a young dancer under the spell of a hall's mysterious inhabitant. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 4 & 8, thru 5/28. \$3. Nat Home Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead—An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway (799-7690). Moves 5/25, Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6300).

The Reception—L. M. Vincent's play. 5/23-28, 30, 31, 6/1-3, at 8 p.m. \$3. 3 Muses Theater, Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (753-2310).

Reunion—Play with music, book and lyrics by Melvin H. Freedman, Robert Kornfeld, and Ron Roullier, directed by Jeffrey K. Neill. About young and middle-aged people. Fri & Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2 & Sun at 3, thru 5/28. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Rib Cage—A new play by Larry Ketron, directed by Andy Wolk. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 6/11. \$3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Riverside Shakespeare Company—Hamlet (complete), from 4:30 to sunset presented out-of-doors. 5/26-28. \$3. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Drive (877-1876). Special half-hour Renaissance entertainments before shows.

Romeo and Juliet—Shakespeare's, directed by Neal Weaver. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 6/11. \$2.50. Meat & Potatoes Co, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Royal Repertory—GBS's *Candida*; David Guerdon's *The Laundry*. \$3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Rusty and Rico and Lena and Louie—World premiere by the Guggenheim Award-winning playwright Leonard Melfi, directed by John Shearin, telling about two pairs of lovers living in shadows of New York City. Fri thru Mon, at 8 p.m. with a Sun mat at 3 p.m. \$3. Thru 5/26. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Scenes From an Almost Socialist Marriage—Play by Susan Cooper and Chris Kraus. midnight, Thurs thru Sun, thru 6/3, \$3.50. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

The Show Off—George Kelly's 1920s comedy, starring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 7/16. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Sister/Sister—A work in progress by Clare Coss, Sondra Segal, and Roberta Sklar, about women within the family (part of a trilogy). Sat thru Mon at 8 p.m. thru 6/4. (Mats at 3 p.m. on Sundays). Women's Interart Center Annex, 552 W 53rd, second floor (246-6569).

Soho Repertory—*Cyrano de Bergerac*, 5/26 at 8:30, 5/27 at 7; 5/28 at 7:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Story of an Hour—Kate Chopin's play about a woman shocked into change by the accidental death of her husband. 5/25-28, 6/1-4, at 8 p.m. \$3. Theatre Matrix, 750 Eighth Ave (861-3972).

Spanish Theater Repertory—Plays by Lorca, Carbalido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

St. Joan of the Stockyards—Operetta by Bertolt Brecht in 1931, set in Chicago, directed by Jan Eliasberg. 5/23-27, 6/1-3, 7-10, 14-17, at 8:15 p.m. mats 5/28, 6/4, 11, 18 at 3 p.m. \$3. Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th (744-7085).

Strawberry Fields—Stephen Poliakoff's play about a generation in flux. 5/24-6/18, Wed thru Sun at 7:30; mats Sat & Sun at 3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Therese Raquin—A French naturalistic play by Emile Zola, adapted by Stuart Michaels. 5/26-28, 6/2-4, 6/9-11. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 8. \$2.50. Theater 22, 54 W 22nd (691-6105).

Three on the Light Side—Three one-acters by Leila Blake, directed by June Plager. 5/25-28. \$3. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

The Troupe Repertory—Vivvy and An Evening of Shakespeare, 5/26 - 6/11, Fri at 8 & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3. *Locusts* and *Every Mother's Son*, Mon thru Thurs at 8 thru 6/15. *Chalk It Up*, a trilogy by Daniel Haben Clark, thru 5/26, Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. \$3. Downstairs. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Toys in the Attic—Lillian Hellman's play. 5/26-28. Fri & Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. WPA Theater, 138 Fifth Ave (242-3900).

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Helfner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Grease*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Venture Theater—*Sim*, a comedy by William Osborn. Saturdays at 8 p.m. \$4. *Desmond*, based on Kafka's story about an ape. Sundays at 4 p.m. \$3. 230 1/2 8th Ave (924-4791).

Voices—Susan Griffin's story of five women, with Cathrine Burns, Tamara Geva, Susan Greenhill, Rochelle Oliver, and Janet Ward, directed by Estelle Parsons. Thru 6/3. Thurs thru Sat at 9:30; Sat mat at 3:30. St Clements, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Wager—Mark Medoff's play, directed by Gary Cherpakov. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 6/4. \$3. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Word of Mouth—Late-late 70s comedy revue, directed by Denise Gordon. Fri thru Sun, thru 6/5. \$5. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause—40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's—44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library—6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça—403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star—1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette—890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri entertains every Tues thru Sat. Mondays, Trudy Richards Moreau, once Charlie Barnett's vocalist, sings with sparkle and wit (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid—48th St & Lex. "Latin Fantasy," featuring Alberto Rochoi, and Cuban song stylist Lisette, thru 5/27. 5/30-6/9, "Disco Dance Dimensions," Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis—151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

AROUND TOWN

Comic Strip—1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. Singer Jeff Roberts 5/26, 27, at 10 and midnight. Dancing in the lounge nightly (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco—10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club—666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club with a revue reminiscent of the 30s. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields—1118 First Ave. Comedian Joey Villa is here thru 6/4, with singers Laine Igneri and Frank Anthony (593-1650).

Dionysos—304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II—405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th. Thru 5/27, jazz great Dorothy Donegan plays piano nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatalls—1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's—239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove—325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Thursdays at 8:30, an all-female comedy revue. Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

L'Oubliette—2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club—5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Billy Eckstine here thru 6/3 (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Thru 5/27, Mimi Hines; 5/30-6/10, Freda Payne (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections—40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge—309 E 83rd—Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte—137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland—239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2:30 p.m. Thurs weekend, with bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed at 6:30 p.m. (CI 7-0200).

Shepherd's—Park Ave & 56th. Thru 5/27, singer Samona Cooke entertains three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi—151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco—29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band & ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club—112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city, and the cocktail piano trio is above average. Horace Diaz and his group supply dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches—190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter**: New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges**: Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe**: Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums. **Bemelmans Bar**: Jazz pianist Marian McPartland is here for her sixth season & continues thru 6/30.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe**: The Bernie Leighton Trio for listening and dancing, Tues thru Sat, 9 to 12:30.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's**: Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 thru 5/27, Head Over Heels. **The Falstaff Room**: Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant**: Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole**: Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. - 2 a.m.

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Ali's Alley—77 Greene St. 5/23-27, James Blood Ulmer Quartet. 5/30-6/3, Monty Waters Trio On Mondays, Ted Daniels has the big band (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern—57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly—16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatie songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom—458 West B'dway. Martha Schlamme sings nightly thru 6/3, and John Monteith and Suzanne Rand perform at midnight Thurs thru Sat, thru 5/27 (473-9367).

Beefsteak Charlie's—12th St & Fifth. 5/24-27, Air, with Henry Threadgill (675-4720).

Benihana Palace—15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

The Bottom Line—15 W 4th. Thru 5/24, Michael Murphy and Jonathan Edwards. 5/25-28, Mose Allison; Buddy Guy and Junion Wells. 5/30, 31, Henry Gross (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny—Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern—165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins plays from 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

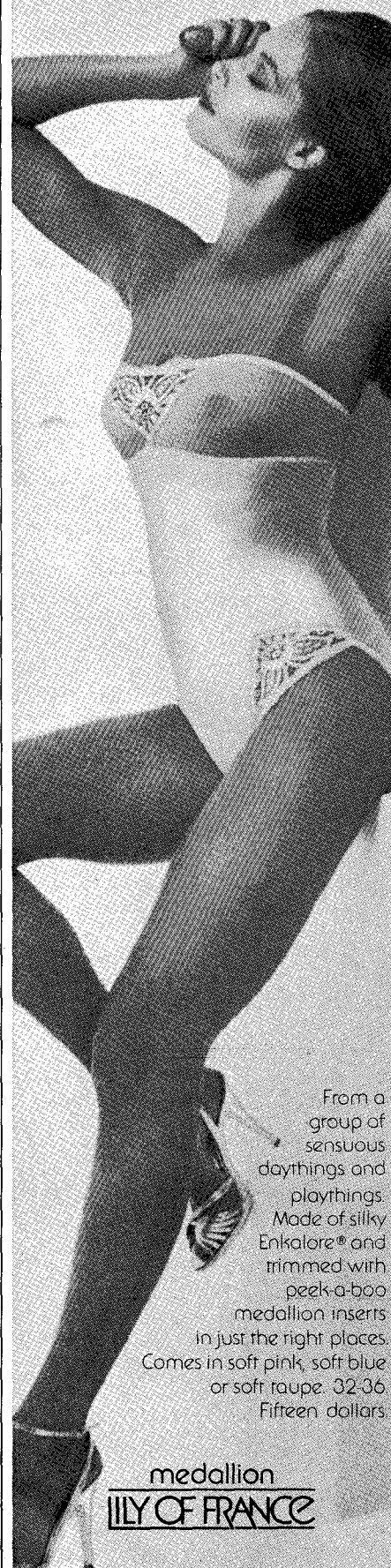
Christy's Skylite Gardens—64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly. (673-5720).

The Clubhouse—1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's—144 W 54th. This is the city's bastion for traditional jazz. The house band is led by clubowner-bassist Red Balaban and includes the majestic veteran trombonist Vic Dickenson. 5/23, Kenny Davern sits in. 5/28, the Scott Hamilton Quintet (265-8277).

The Cookery—University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, that grand old lady of the blues, sings Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

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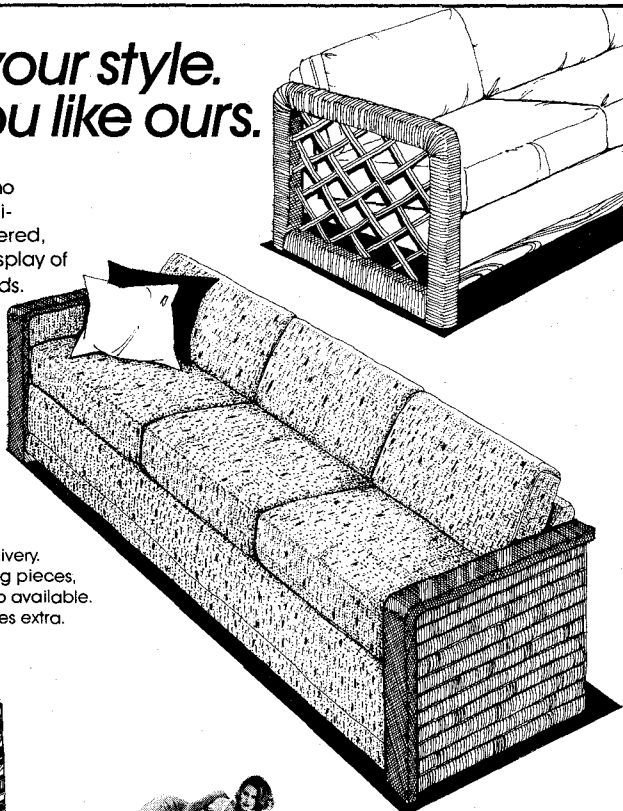
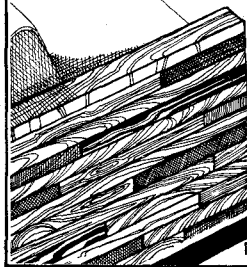
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AROUND TOWN

Coriander—314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy—45th & Vanderbilt. 5/22-6/30, Red Richards performs at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

David K's Aquarium Lounge—1115 Third Ave. Hugh Shannon sings old and new favorites, Tues thru Sat, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Gregory's—First Ave at 63rd. Pianist Hod O'Brian's trio with guitarist Joe Puma has most of the week (Wed. thru Sun.) and virtuoso bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne has a trio on Tuesday. But the best is reserved for Monday nights, when Al Haig brings his inimitable finesse to the keyboard (371-2220).

Hopper's—452 6th Ave. Singer Joe Williams, Mon thru Sat, 9:30, 11:30, and an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion—130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock (759-9041).

Jazzmania Society—14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Los Madriles—236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Marty's—1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub—Singer-actress Claudia McNeill is here through 5/27, singing songs associated with the career of Ethel Waters. From 9:15 p.m. (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II—61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels—227 E 67th. Pianist Ed Linderman plays show tunes. Mon thru Sat, from 8:30 on (794-2331).

Oliver's—141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

O'Lunney's—915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's—160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End—149 Bleecker St. 5/24-27, The Persuasions and Bob Gibson (673-7030).

Reno Sweeney—126 W 13th. Holly Woodlawn entertains nightly at 9 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun, thru 6/10. 5/23-28, John Monteith & Suzanne Rand. Dolly Dawn sings 5:30-7 p.m. Tues thru Sat (691-0900).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storytowne—41 E 58th. Elly Stone makes a concert appearance 5/26-28, at 9 p.m. (755-1640).

Sweet Basil—88 7th Ave So. Thru 5/27, the superb alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe leads a quintet. 5/28, 29, Perry Robinson Quintet. 5/30-6/3, Robin Kenyatta Quintet (242-1785).

Village Vanguard—178 Seventh Ave So. 5/29-6/4, George Russell and his 19-piece orchestra (AL 5-4037).

West End—Bdway & 114th. Mondays, Jazz Session; 5/23, Jazz Sultans. 5/24-28, The Countsmen. 5/30,31, Buddy Tate (669-9160)

AROUND TOWN

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
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Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Festival of San Gennaro on Staten Island, Seaside Blvd. & Sand Lane (447-2630), 5/24-26 & 29 from 6 p.m. to midnight, 5/27-28 & 30 from 1 p.m. to midnight.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Concerts

Tuesday, May 23

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Chamber Music, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

American Composers Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Frederick Draper, classical guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Ludwig Olshansky, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Wednesday, May 24

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Emilson Barbosa, baritone/**John Musto**, piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Newark Boys Chorus, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 2:30.

Junior High School Salute to Music, Carnegie Hall, at 7:30.

Jack Gifford, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Mary Helen Law, viola, Riverdale School of Music, 253rd St. at Post Rd. (549-8034), at 8:30.

Apple Brass Quintet, All Saints Church, 230 E 60th St. (688-7977), at 12:30.

Senden Falvar, piano, Whitney Museum Downtown, at 12:30.

Thursday, May 25

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Joseph Fuchs, violin/**Artur Balsam**, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Bodil Frolund, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Gayle Martin, piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Sandor Falvai, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Vincent Stadlin, organ, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.

Holliday Haynes, piano, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.

Shulamit Charney, lute, St. Paul's Chapel, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:10.

Apple Brass Quintet, All Saints Church, 230 E 60th St. (688-7977), at 6.

Friday, May 26

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Jeff Rainer, piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Soo Kil Park, baritone, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Ray Anderson, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.

Keene-Krall-Onserud Trio, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Joseph Smith, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.

Joe Newman, trumpet, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.

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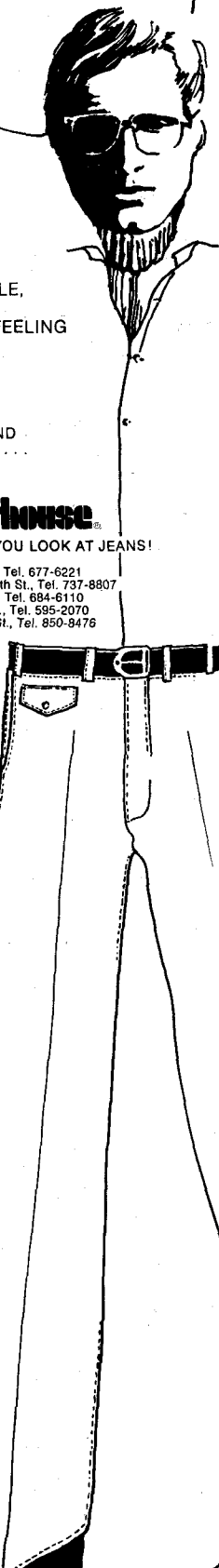
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AROUND TOWN

Jean Kershaw, flute & recorder/Max Lifchitz, piano & harpsichord, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.

Ralph Towner & John Abercrombie/Bennie Wallace Trio, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 8:30 & 11.

Saturday, May 27

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Ralph Towner & John Abercrombie/Bennie Wallace Trio, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 8:30 & 11.

Student Recital, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.

Dane Belany's Motivations, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Elaine Russell, soprano/Bruce Fifer, baritone, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.

Ray Anderson, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.

Sunday, May 28

Sander Strenger, violin, Bronx Museum, at 2.

Claude Kipnis Mime Theater, Brooklyn College, at 2.

Don Shirley, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Armen Donelian Quintet, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 2.

Student Recital, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.

Roger Childs, tenor, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

Rosaline Briskin, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Afro-Latin Group, Queens Museum, at 3.

Roy C. Ketcham High School Woodwind Choir, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Lalmani Misra, Indian music, Asia House, at 2:30.

Monday, May 29

Aretha Franklin, Carnegie Hall, at 7 & 10:30.

Carrol McLaughlin, harp, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, May 30

Aretha Franklin, Carnegie Hall, at 7 & 10:30.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Blair String Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York, Queens Museum, at 2:30.

Linda Mulrean, soprano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Opera

LIGHT OPERA



Dennis Britten will star in the revival of Victor Herbert's *The Red Mill* with the Bel Canto Opera (30 E 31st Street) on Saturday, May 27 at 7:30 and Sunday, May 28 at 3. Frederick Roffman, who was responsible for last year's Bel Canto production of *Sweet Hearts*, will conduct (889-6366).

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Carmen*, 5/27 at 7:30, 5/28 at 2:30.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *H.M.S. Pinafore*, 5/24 at 2 & 8:30, 5/25-26 at 8:30, 5/27 at 4 & 8:30, 5/28 at 4.

Portable Opera Players, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390). *I Masnadieri*, 5/24 & 27 at 7:30.

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Wed, 5/24 & Thurs, 5/25 at 8: *The Leaves Are Fading; Pas de Deux; Voluntaries; Theme and Variations.* Fri, 5/26 at 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.* Sat, 5/27 at 2 & 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.* Mon, 5/29 & Tues, 5/30 at 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.*

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Tues, 5/23 at 8: *Fanfare; Dances at a Gathering; Bournonville Divertissements.* Wed, 5/24 at 8: *Irish Fantasy; Mother Goose; Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.* Thurs, 5/25 at 8: *Serenade; Agon; Who Cares?* Fri, 5/26 at 8: *Agon; Ivesiana; Symphony in C.* Sat, 5/27 at 2: *Afternoon of a Faun; Duo Concertant; Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet; Who Cares?* Sat, 5/27 at 8: *Bournonville Divertissements; Episodes; Symphony in C.* Sun, 5/28 at 1: *Serenade; Pas de Deux; Union Jack.* Sun, 5/28 at 7: *Mother Goose; Dances at a Gathering.* Tues, 5/30 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Chansons Madecasses; Vienna Waltzes.*

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Tues, 5/30 at 7:30: *Cloven Kingdom; Images; new work.*

OTHER

Trisha Brown Co., Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 5/22-25 at 8.

Hannah Kahn & Dancers, Eden's Expressway, 537 Bdwy (924-9551), 5/26-28 at 8.

Nancy Lewis & Dancers, The Kitchen (925-3615), 5/25-27 at 8:30.

Maze & Co., NYU School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave. (924-0077), 5/25-28 at 7:30.

Rudy Perez/Men's Coalition, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (989-6454), 5/26-28 at 8.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Claudia Gitelman, 5/24 & 26 at 8, 5/28 at 2. Elaine Summers Dance & Film Co., 5/25, 27-28 at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Art

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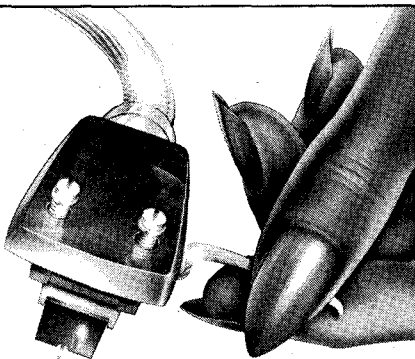
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AROUND TOWN

- Arman**—Sculpture and tapestries, thru 5/30. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).
- Banerjee**—Origami collages on paper, thru 6/3. Just Above Midtown, 50 W 57th (757-3442).
- Margo Barnes**—Sag Harbor, thru 6/1. Long, 7 W 57th (752-6244).
- Hannelore Baron**—Collages and wooden constructions, thru 7/1. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).
- Leonard Baskin**—New wood sculpture, sibil bronzes, drawings, and watercolors, thru 6/9. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).
- Miki Boni**—Larger than life faces in oils, thru 6/3. Womanart, 41 W 57th (421-2420).
- *Daniel Brustlein**—New interiors and landscapes, thru 6/1. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).
- Scott Burton**—Metal tables using different finishes, thru 6/3. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).
- Luis Camnitzer/Barbro Ostlin**—Parts of a dictionary/Paintings, thru 6/2. Goodman, 38 E 57th (755-3520).
- Dimitra**—Paintings, thru 5/27. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).
- *Jim Dine**—New still lifes, drawings, and colored etchings, thru 6/9. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).
- John Groth**—Oils, watercolors, drawings, thru 5/24. Sande, 61 E 57th (688-1904). Mon-Sat 10-6.
- Samia Halaby**—Abstractions, thru 6/15. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.
- Burt Hasen**—Drawings, paintings, and prints, thru 6/10. Summers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).
- *Elga Heinzen/Polly Kraft**—Enormous images on raw canvas of sensuously knotted ropes/Portraits in color pencil and fruits in watercolors, thru 6/3. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).
- Horst Janssen**—Graphics and still lifes, thru 5/20/Illustrated books, thru 5/27. Summers, 50 W 57th (541-8334)/Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8310).
- Freidrich Meckseper**—Prints of otherworldly still lifes, self-portraits from 1958 to 1978, thru 6/30. Fitch-Febvre, 5 E 57th (688-8522).
- Gail Raab**—Works using a limited palette and suggesting old photos, thru 6/10. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).
- Milne Ramsay** (1847-1915)—Landscapes and still lifes, thru 6/2. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).
- Archie Rand**—Vigorous abstractions and mural studies, thru 6/1. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
- Bridget Riley**—Orpheus rhythms in paint, thru 6/2. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).
- Bruce Robbins**—Drawings and fulcrum sculpture, thru 6/3. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).
- Jean Venitien**—Post-impressionistic works, thru 6/17. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).
- *Jane Wilson**—Recent still lifes, thru 5/27. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

- *Agnetti**—Conceptual pieces dealing with Elizabeth I of England, crime, and provisionality, thru 5/24. Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
- *Carol Anthony**—Paintings, thru 6/10. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).
- Mel Baker**—Polymer relief sculpture, thru 5/29. Galerías Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).
- *Elizabeth Bart**—Oils, thru 6/17. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).
- Gretl Bauer**—Pinhole-like abstractions, thru 5/27. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.
- *Henryk Berlewi** (1894-1967)—Constructivist works, thru 5/30. Laboetie, 9 E 82nd (535-4865).
- R.O. Blechman/Edward Sorel**—Watercolors and drawings for *Candide*, the *New Yorker*/Illustrations, including *Superpen*, thru 6/16. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).
- Leonora Carrington**—Surreal visions, thru 5/27. Brewster, 1018 Mad Ave (472-9481).
- *A.M. Cassandre**—Posters (from 1923 to 1939), thru 6/27. Reinhold-Brown, 26 E 78th (734-7999).
- Jose Luis Cuevas**—Recent drawings from Paris, thru 6/9. Borgenicht, 1080 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).
- Tibor David**—Oils, 5/26-6/11. Guild, 1145 Mad Ave (861-3776).
- Joe Downing**—Watercolors, thru 6/3. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).
- *Werner Drewes/Wilhelm Schmitz-Gilles**—Abstractions from the 30s and 40s/Constructivist works done with a ball point, 5/30-6/17. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).
- Ruth Duckworth/Sherri Smith**—Ceramic vessels/New works, thru 6/3. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).
- Martha Mayer Erlebacher**—Recent paintings, thru 6/9. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

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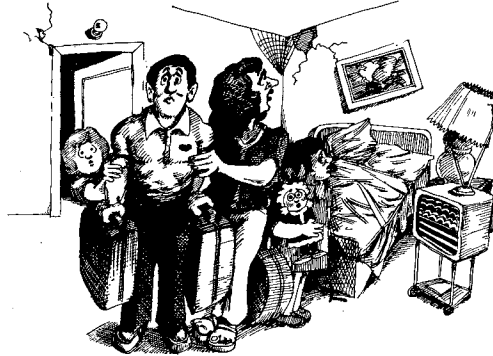
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AROUND TOWN

- Hannah Ferenbach**—Monoprints, thru 6/3. Wauters, 1014 Mad Ave (988-3447).
- Jean-Michel Folon**—Subtle jewel-like scapes of urban malaise, thru 5/27. Lefebvre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).
- Bob Fowler**—Metal wall compositions, thru 5/27. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).
- Sidney Geist**—Recent sculpture, thru 5/29. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).
- Gisson**—Views of France, thru 5/31. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).
- Morris Graves**—Delicate, ephemeral still lifes, thru 5/24. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).
- ***George Grosz**—Oils, watercolors, and drawings from 1920 to 1950, thru 6/10. Weintraub, 992 Mad Ave (TR9-1195).
- ***Budd Hopkins**—Hera's Wall, thru 5/31. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).
- Julian B. Hyman/Helen Soreff**—Photos of NYC and New England/Iron oxide paintings and installation drawings, thru 5/23. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).
- Muriel Kalish**—Oils, thru 5/27. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (535-1919).
- Margarita Lozano**—Pastels, thru 6/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).
- Donald Odysseus Mavros**—Wheel-turned sculpture, 5/25-6/17. Ericson, 23 E 74th (737-6155).
- Zero Mostel**—Paintings and drawings, thru 6/2. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).
- ***Robert Motherwell**—Works executed since 1976, including paintings and collages seen at Dusseldorf, plus some earlier pieces, thru 5/29. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).
- ***Robert Rauschenberg**—Prints from 1975 to 1977, thru 5/27. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).
- John Safer**—Abstract sculpture, thru 5/27. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).
- Robert Schechter**—Photographic collages and color works on Plexiglas, thru 5/27. Automation House, 49 E 68th (794-1593). Mon-Fri 9-5.
- Carol Sutton**—Small paintings/Works by Griefen, Kelsey, others, thru 5/27. O'Reilly, 35 E 67th (988-4370).
- Robert Turner**—Tracings on clay, thru 5/27. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163).
- ***Utamaro** (1753-1806)—Woodblock prints, drawings, and illustrated books. Nature studies, domestic scenes, and the courtesans, thru 5/30. Ronin, 605 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.
- John Zak**—Flower paintings, thru 5/27. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).
- SoHo
- Roberta Allen/Krzysztof Wodiczko**—A floor and photo piece/New work, thru 6/10. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6.
- David Anderson/Michael Stevens**—Metal sculpture/Wood sculpture, thru 5/27. Braustein/Quay, 139 Spring (925-1200).
- Ed Baynard**—Delicate watercolors of flowers, thru 6/8. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131).
- Charlotte Boynton**—Mixed-media miniature sculpture of erotic fantasies, thru 5/31. Nonpareil, 207 Sullivan (260-8538).
- Wendell Castle**—Sculptural furniture in laminated wood, thru 6/3. Solway, 139 Spring (925-1200).
- Melissa and Michael Cornfeld/Morton Mevorach**—Acrylic sculpture, Fabric wall hangings/thru 5/31. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).
- Sophia Corwin**—Sculpture and paintings, thru 6/4. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).
- Josh Edgerly**—Line abstractions, thru 5/31. Bragr Times, 165 Duane (369-5368).
- Luis Frangella/Sue Frecon/Russell Sharon**—Perceptual drawings/Multi-canvas oils and notes/Clay bells, thru 6/30. Space, 82 Duane (233-1916).
- ***Juan Gonzalez/Terence La Noue**—Finely drawn works/Earthy, mysterious wall constructions named after sites in Mexico and North Africa, thru 6/1. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).
- Alan Green**—Acrylics on canvas, drawings, and etchings, thru 5/27. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).
- John Hilliard**—Works, thru 5/24. Gibson, 392 W Bdwy (966-9808).
- Fran Hodes**—Realist portraits, thru 5/31. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.
- Diane Kaiser**—Ink wash drawings and ceramic reliefs, thru 5/24. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.
- Ray Kelly**—Rainbow sculpture and sundials, thru 5/27. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).
- ***Aiain Kirili/Robert Petersen**—Iron and terra-cotta sculpture/Enamel paint and pencil on linen, thru 5/27. Sonnabend, 420 W Bdwy (966-6160).

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AROUND TOWN

Stephen Kuzman/George Wilson—Figurative paintings/Nude photos, thru 5/27. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

***Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt**—A work-in-progress dealing with byzantine liturgical walls, thru 5/31. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Lynne Mayo—Fire signs, thru 5/27. Echo, 133 Mercer (WA5-4799).

David Novros—Paintings and drawings, thru 6/3. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Harold Olejarz—Staircase sculptures in plywood and pine, thru 6/7. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Alan Shields—Recent work, thru 6/3. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Susanna Steig—Realist amusement parks, thru 5/31. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Clover Vail—Drawings and pastels, thru 5/30. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

OTHER

Peter Archer/Li-Lan—Recent paintings by both, thru 6/3. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

Rene Brochard—Reliefs of semi-sculptured steel embedded in paint, thru 5/26. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Rebecca Cooperman/Audrey Hirsch—Color abstracts of the studio and its plants/Constructs of wood, clay, chain, and drawings, thru 6/4. Noho, 542 LaGuardia (473-9619).

Carol Crawford—Miniature environments, thru 6/17. Exhibitionists, 92-20 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Susan Crile—Large pastel and charcoal drawings, 5/23-6/17. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Burhan Dogancay—Wall of NYC in gouache, thru 6/15. Turkish Center, 821 UN Plaza (949-0150).

Lou Fink—Works, thru 5/27. Environment, 205 E 60th (MU8-5880).

Ann Freilich—Semi-abstract landscapes in gouache and oil on paper, thru 5/27. Roko 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Steven Katz—Drawings, watercolors, and terra-cotta sculpture, thru 6/3. Samuel, 795 Bdwy (477-3839).

Lila Katzen—Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Jerry Robinson—Cartoons, thru 5/31. New School, 66 W 12th (741-5667). Mon-Fri 10-5.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Dintenfass**—50 W 57th (581-2268). Forms in sport (1842-1978), including works by Eakins, Dove, Hommer, Hopper, Lawrence, others, thru 6/2.

***Esman**—29 W 57th (421-9490). Watercolors, drawings, and photos by Beatrice Wood, Duchamp, Picabia, Man Ray, Sheeler, and Covert, thru 6/16.

Getler/Pall—50 W 57th (581-2724). Graphics by Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, others, thru 6/30.

Hamilton—20 W 57th (765-5915). Stone metaphors, large steel sculpture by Graves, Shaw, and Stromeyer, thru 6/3.

Heidenberg—50 W 57th (586-3808). Etchings by Appel, trompe l'oeil by Edelmann, drawings by Steinberg, others, thru 6/17.

Midtown—11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Still life and flowers by Binford, Coiner, Moller, others, thru 6/10.

***Weiner**—41 E 57th (593-1270). Lovers in Indian miniature paintings, thru 5/30.

***Zabriskie**—29 W 57th (832-9034). Works shown at An American Place, Stieglitz's gallery from 1929 to 1946, including paintings and watercolors by Dove, Hartley, O'Keeffe and photos by Adams and Strand, thru 5/27.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Adler**—21 E 67th (249-2450). Cubists in France, including Braque, Leger, Villon, others, thru 6/18.

American Indian Community House—10 E 38th (532-4897). Hopi and Navajo crafts, thru 6/30.

Canty—50 E 78th (794-9855). City scenes by Rutigliano, English landscapes by G. Tozer, and fantasies by M. Tozer, thru 6/10.

***Davis & Long**—746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Ballet set and costume design from the collection of the Wadsworth Atheneum, thru 6/2.

Elkon—1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). 20th century masters, including Dubuffet, Magritte, Matisse, Reinhardt, others, thru 6/7.

Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980). Sculpture by Bourgeois, de Kooning, Lichtenstein, Moore, thru 6/3.

Grolier Club—47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-3. NYC in the literature of Cooper, Irving, James, Wharton, others, thru 6/3.

***L'Isis**—667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Kottler—3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Giovanna, Hazel, Ronay, others, thru 5/26.

***McKee**—140 E 63rd (688-5951). Guston's *Wharf*, paintings by Berthot, Porter, others, thru 5/31.

Master Eagle—40 W 25th (WA4-8277). Mon-Fri 10-4:30. Illustrations by School of Visual Arts students, thru 5/23.

***Nicholls**—1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs of food and drink with Addams, Arno others, thru 7/15.

***Shepherd**—21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century English paintings, drawings, watercolors, thru 6/30.

***Spaced**—165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. Architectural drawings of the 20s and 30s from Haines, Lundberg, and Waehler, thru 6/3.

Stone—48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Dean and Parks, sculpture by Salamun, thru 5/31.

Touchstone—118 E 64th (826-6111). Small works in all media, thru 5/31.

SoHo

Artists Space—105 Hudson (226-3970). Clough, Fares, Goldberg, Lees, and Thornycroft, thru 6/17.

Bleecker Renaissance—644 Bdwy at Bleecker (929-3309). Tues-Sat 12-6. Constructs by 50 artists in this 1890s building, thru 5/30.

Drawing Center—137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-8. Drawings for animated films, including *Fantasia*, thru 6/10.

Freidus—158 Lafayette (925-0113). Acrylic on masonite by Chate, literary forms and symbols in drawings by De Cointet, photos by Jenkins, thru 5/27.

OK Harris—383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Butterfield, painting by Dufresne and Kacere, and structures by Von Ringelheim, 5/27-6/17.

***Landmark**—469 Broome (966-1173). Works by DuBack, Grillo, Trieff, Yektal, others, thru 6/17.

71 Mercer—(431-8662). Ceramic sculptures, 5/27, 28. **Weber**—420 W Bdwy (966-6115). Le Witt, Mangold, Rockburne, others, thru 5/23.

OTHER

African-American Institute—833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Tapestries from Senegal, thru 6/10.

AIGA—1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. Book designs from 1977, 5/24-6/22.

***China Institute**—125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 2-5. Embroidery of Imperial China, thru 5/28.

F.I.T.—7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Gallery 300—Fulton Market, 200 Front St (622-3995). Lithos and engravings of Old New York, 1830-1908, thru 6/16.

***Japan House**—333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Japanese genre screens from the 17th to the 19th centuries, 5/25-7/9.

***NY Public Library**—5th Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. *Religion in New Amsterdam*: books, letters, documents, maps, and prints of the first Old World faiths to come to NYC, thru 6/28.

NYU—Grey, 33 Washington Pl and Loeb, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-7603). Tues-Fri 10-5, Sat 1-5. Works by Gauguin, Rodin, others, thru 6/2, and constructed paintings by Klinghoffer, thru 5/26.

Pratt Manhattan Center—160 Lex Ave (636-3462). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 1-5. Cartoonists, including Fischetti, Koren, Levine, others, 5/25-6/14.

Ward-Nasse—131 Prince (925-6951). Faceless figures in paint by Fernandez, still lifes and portraits by Landau, figures by Moran, and acrylics by des Rioux, thru 6/1.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame—One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***James Abbe**—Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, 5/31 thru 7/21. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

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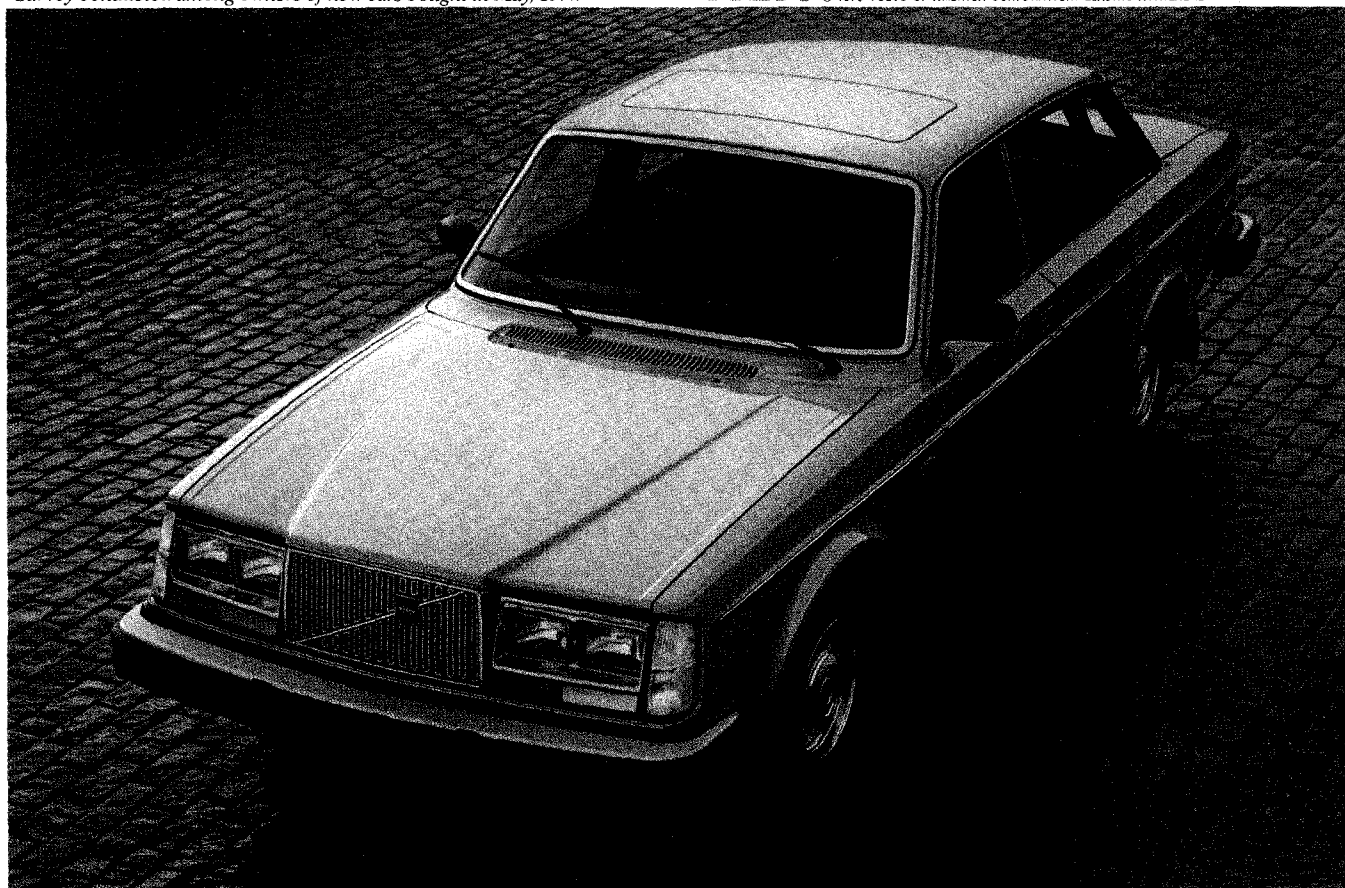
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*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.

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AROUND TOWN

- *Ansel Adams—The early years, thru 6/30. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).
- Gary Bernstein—A woman's awakening to life through images of the sea, thru 6/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).
- *Anton Bruehl/Edmund Teske—From the 20s to the 50s with Marlene Dietrich, Peter Lorre, studio studies, Mexico, other/Composite, solarized images, almost dreamlike, thru 6/24. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).
- J.J. Castro—Venezuela, thru 5/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.
- Martin Fishman—Phallic photos, thru 6/11. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).
- Martine Franck—The south of France, thru 5/27. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).
- Jeremy George/Vernon Riddick—NY and its surroundings, thru 6/11. Midtown Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.
- Geoffrey Gove—Color transformations, thru 6/30. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).
- *Ingber—3 E 78th (744-3158). City and country life from 1900 to 1935 by Fischer, Hutchinson, and Luckwell, 5/27-6/17.
- *Kodak—1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica*, thru 7/21.
- *Clarence John Laughlin—Louisiana plantations, Victorian architecture in America, thru 6/17. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).
- *Lynn Lennon/Phillip Leonian—Fantasy self-portraits/Walkers and walking in black-in-white, 5/24-6/17. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.
- Linda McCartney—Rock music luminaries and still lifes, thru 6/3. Bayard, 456 W Bdwy (477-3804).
- Gregory MacGregor/Melissa Shook—Black-and-white landscapes/Her daughter, thru 6/10. Foto, 492 Broome (924-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.
- Peter Mauss—Recent silver and palladium prints made in Vermont, thru 5/27. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).
- *Stephen Shore—The NY Yankees at spring training, 5/24-6/24. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).
- Soho/Stieglitz—34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 PM. Encounters by Duze, reflections by Portnoy, portraits of NYC and upstate by Portogallo, thru 5/30.
- *Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still lifes, thru 6/9. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).
- Heinrich Tonnies (1825-1903)—Portraits, thru 6/10. Prakash, 19 E 71st (737-6066).
- Pete Turner—Geometric images of rails, cannonballs, and clouds in dye transfers, thru 6/23. Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776).
- Walsh Home—1339 York Ave (628-2800). Photographers over 65, including Barbara Morgan, thru 5/30.
- *Etienne Bertrand Weill—Metal forms combining kinetic and graphic, music and choreography, thru 6/16. French Cultural Services, 972 5th Ave (737-9700).

Museums

- American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *The Sport of Birding*; thru the fall. *Nigeria, Art in Everyday Life*: Wood, bronze, and ivory artifacts from the 18th to the 20th century; thru 5/31. *Rails of the World*: Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16.
- Asia House—112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Daily 10-5, Thurs till 8:30, Sun 1-5. *Room for Wonder*: Indian painting during the British period (1760-1880); thru 6/4.
- Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by Bronx artists; thru 7/9.
- Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.
- Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Look Again*: Decorative arts from the permanent collection; thru 5/31.
- Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.
- Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection*: Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. Works by young American artists; thru 6/25.
- Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New brick sculptures by John Mason. Photographs by Claire K. Yaffa; thru 7/9.

AROUND TOWN

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Munkacs-Spontaneity and Style*: The First retrospective of the work of Martin Munkacs. *Magubane's South Africa*: A portrait of black South Africa. Thru 5/28. **Jewish Museum**, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *The Arts Under Napoleon*: Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Vanity Fair*: A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings*; thru 6/18. *Polish Arms & Armor*; indefinite close. *Monet's Years at Giverny—Beyond Impressionism*: Eighty-one paintings done in the immediate environment and the surrounding landscape of his home; thru 7/9.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger*: His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures*: Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950*: Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American lit. *H.M.S. Pinafore*: Celebrating its centennial; thru 7/29.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30 *Resurgimiento*: Paintings and sculptures from Puerto Rican and Latin American artists living in New York; thru 6/30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. Works from the museum's permanent collection; thru 6/11.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion*: The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Great American Foot*: Celebrating the foot and its diverse images in our culture; thru 6/30.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space*; thru 6/4.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera*: Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Designed For Film*: Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Nine Windows by Chagall*: Stained glass windows illustrating episodes from the bible; thru 5/30. *Mexican Art*: Engravings, prints paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/29. *A Treasury of Modern Drawing*: Works by American and European artists; thru 7/4.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small*: Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids*: Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Photography — Art and Artifact*: Photographs by Abbott, Atget, Hine, Strand, others; thru 6/18.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. Works by Beauford Delaney; thru 7/2.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Saul Steinberg Retrospective*; thru 7/9. **Whitney Museum Downtown**, 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Cleveland Indians, 5/23-25 at 8; vs. Toronto Blue Jays, 5/26 at 8, 5/27 at 2, 5/28 at 1.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. St. Louis Cardinals, 5/29 at 5:35, 5/30-31 at 8

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. Golden Gaters, 5/23 at 7:30.



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NEW YORK

The New Immigrants: My God, How the Money Rolls In

By Anthony Haden-Guest

"... 'Suppose the Communists do come to power,' said the Parisian baroness, indifferently. 'I can always go to New York'..."

The lawyer wore a topaz-colored suit with white stitching, and the motif on his tie seemed borrowed from one of those abstracts that hang in corporation lobbies, but his manner was pale, grave. "You can't do much better than Curaçao," he was saying, his voice as insistently intimate as a draft.

The group was in one of those East Side apartments where everything is leather or Lucite. The lawyer was advising an Englishman on tax evasion. "In Switzerland," he said, "they won't say how much you've got in your account, but they will say that you have an account. In Curaçao, they go to jail even for revealing *that*."

"Other places aren't bad," the lawyer added. "Different tax treaties. I might do something with some tax treaty in Nassau and then move the money to Curaçao. Two people can make an awful lot of paper. And the more smoke in a room, the more difficult it is to see."

They swapped cards. The lawyer slid the Englishman's card into a case, which was already fat with cards. "Flight capital"—illegally imported cash—is his specialty.

I examined an earlier phase of this phenomenon in these pages in the issue of July 5, 1976 ("The Last Time I Saw Paris, It Was in New York"). Since then, what had been a hectic and frothy turbulence has become a huge incoming flood.

Much of this influx is strictly legal. And much of the influx is not legal at all. Forget such publicized frontier hoppings as that of Carlo Ponti and Sophia Loren. "Carlo? What does Carlo have? A few million," said a woman dressed in one of the new beige Versace dresses, which matched her skin, hair, and temper.

I noted that the Italians have moved to seize Ponti possessions worth a supposed \$45 million. The woman plucked a shrimp from a silver bowl and bit into it with the ferocious delicacy of a vole. "You should see the 'Famous 500,'" she advised.

The "Famous 500," it turns out, is a list of persons who moved money without official blessing from Italy to Switzerland. Mario Barone, former managing director of the Bank of Rome, has been arrested twice in connection with this supposedly secret list. *Supposedly* secret. The lady in beige cited names. Like a string of pen-nants, they glittered in the air.

"Can you blame us?" she demanded. "These are not easy days. We have a *right* to be afraid."

It brought to mind an incident of

this January. An Italian worthy was leaving Regine's. An American girl was with him, and another man, an employee.

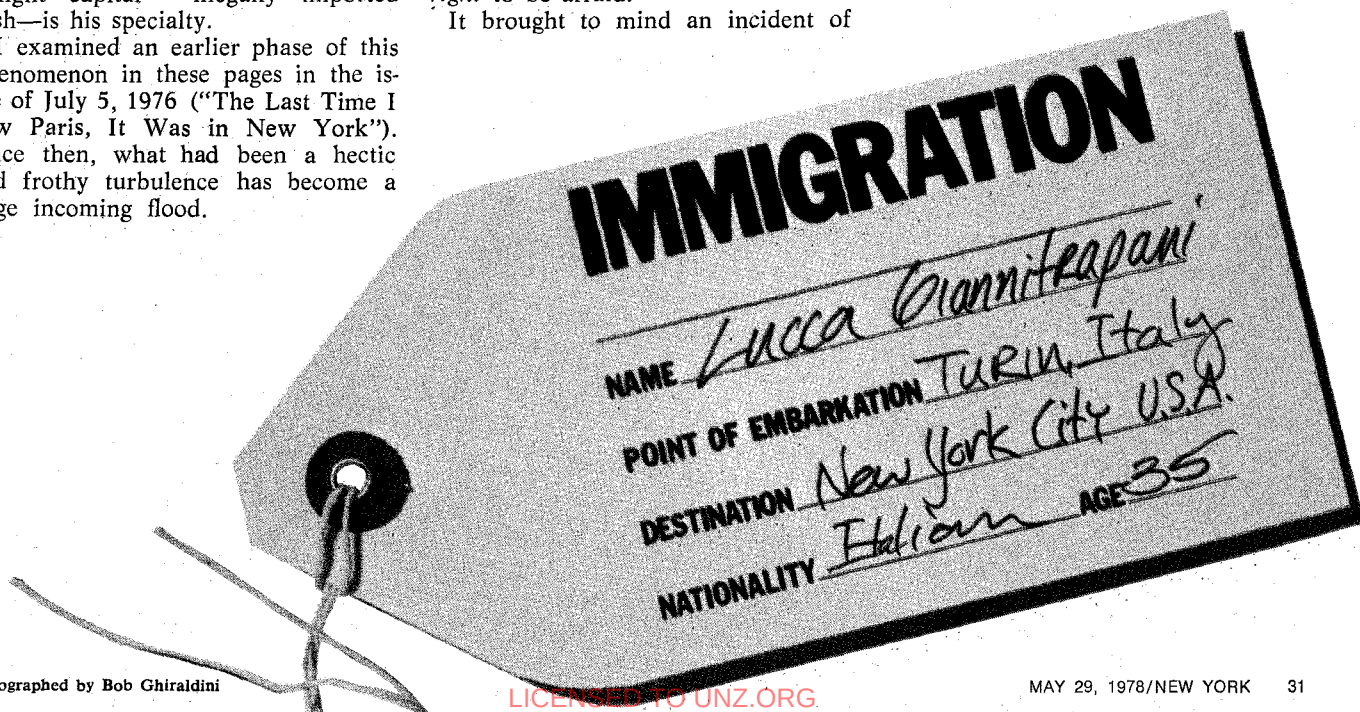
There was a loud report.

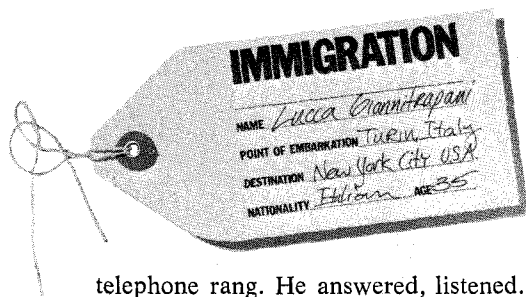
The Italian flung himself into the doorway, and the other man stood there, poking a 9-mm. machine pistol up and down Park Avenue.

The bodyguard did not, happily, shoot the driver of the backfiring car. But the readiness was no accident. No more was it an accident that Giancesare Flesca, of *L'Espresso*, reporting on Italian students who have come to America, found few willing to give their names. Nor that certain apartment owners in the Olympic Tower have asked that even the doorman address them by assumed names.

Quite literally, *noms de guerre*. The question in the minds of many is not will it happen here, but when?

There is an old Chinese saying: *May you live in interesting times*. It is, of course, a curse. I was in Europe, sitting in a friend's living room. The





telephone rang. He answered, listened. "Charles Bracht?" he said, explosively. "No."

I heard the word "kidnap" drifting down the wires.

"Where?" asked my host.

"In the middle of Brussels. That is awful. Awful. *You must take care,*" he advised. "Look where you drive. None of us bother enough; now we must take care."

He hung up. Bracht was a friend, an extremely rich Belgian, and he had been scooped up from his native streets with the greatest of apparent ease. I asked my host—himself a rich man—if he wasn't, at the least, a bit uneasy.

He brooded, darkly. "It would be difficult," he decided. "I would fight. They would have to kill me. But can you imagine"—he motioned upstairs to where a child was sleeping—"they would take a little thing like that? And we would *have* to pay."

He was, he said, going to get a gun. Just outside Zurich, one of the staid Swiss insurance companies was running a small arms-training course. He was going to enroll. "If Schleyer had had a gun," he said, "the thing might have gone differently."

Hanns Schleyer was the German industrialist, kidnapped by what was left of the Baader-Meinhof gang. After six weeks of ineffectual pother, Schleyer was found in the trunk of a car. Quite dead. "Soon," said my host, "we will all have to carry guns. All vulnerable people."

Nowhere is immune now, but the worst is Italy (the European worst, that is; the world's worst is Bogotá, Colombia). Especially Turin, where the Red Brigades sit in their ludicrous cages. "Life here is sad," said Romilda Turati, "sad and hard." Romilda Turati's husband owns the liquor business Carpano. Sombre as one of the Baroque paintings in her sizable palazzo, she gazed around and said, "We used to have parties here for 100, 125. Now maybe four, or five."

"Your psychology changes. You don't go out anymore. If I *do* go out, I will never wear furs. I will wear something you don't see. And jewels are *finished*."

"I know that one day all my friends will have gone. To Paris, London, South America, New York. And I will be all alone."

Will she not go too?

"Perhaps," she said.

The following day, I was collected

for lunch by a young industrialist, whom I shall call Pierluigi. A maverick, especially today—he had chosen to drive a Bentley. Idlers examined us as we whooshed through the streets.

Idlers? "Who are they?" Pierluigi snapped, as a group watched with particular interest. "*What do they want?*"

Perhaps, I suggested, they just don't see that many big cars anymore, these being times when the richer the driver, the more inconspicuous the car. "I really shouldn't use this car in the daytime," agreed Pierluigi, morosely. "Normally I only drive it at night."

The worry is not vandalism. (Turin is less high-risk than London in this respect. Or Florence. "You park in Florence," groused a banker, "and an hour later your tires and panels are slashed.") The real worry, of course, is kidnapping. Pierluigi travels armed, and rather obviously so. He has already weathered a couple of incidents. In the first, he blew a heel off an assailant's boot. The second aborted because one of the kidnappers decided it wasn't going to work, and informed. "Two men had been watching me for days," said Pierluigi. They'd been parked, masquerading as a courting couple.

It was a family lunch on a languid, sun-soaked afternoon. Turin sat below us in biscuity splendor. We sat, making the usual small talk of the times: the terror. Italy is averaging one kidnapping per week. Sensible persons in the kidnap-worthy classes study the technology of the craft.

What to do at the actual moment of the strike, for instance. The heir to a canned-food fortune, I was told, lay on his back in the road, waving arms and legs in the air, and screamed. Being unprepared for a baby snatch, the gang made themselves scarce. On the other hand, when they caught up with that eminently sensible Roman jeweler, Gianni Bulgari, he made no resistance. A ransom of over a million was paid. Later, he deduced his hiding place thus: A pilot himself, he heard a piston-engine plane. The radio gave him the time. He traced the plane, flew the same flight path to what he judged to be the distance from Rome, and took photographs. No fool, Bulgari.

The situation, it was agreed, is made murkier by the fact that different tribes of hunter have declared an open season on the rich. The traditional elite, known as "the Sicilians," are respected for their research. Seemingly, they know just who has how much money unreported to the tax authorities. "They are very clean, very efficient, and quite good-natured," says a Tuscan wine magnate. "They sometimes give you caviar and champagne." Less admired, because more murderously slap-

dash, are the free-lance gangs, who will grab somebody, lack the moves to deal with their booty, and sell him, or her, to a more sophisticated team, which may sell to somebody else. "And each time," the winesman explains, "the price goes up—like dealers exchanging a diamond."

Least loved are the politicals, like the Red Brigades. "They are *very rude*," the winesman complained. "They call you a bourgeois. They make speeches at you." Mario Sossi, the kidnapped magistrate, found that among all his tribulations, the speeches were almost the most irksome.

Nor is it just their class enemies that find the Red Brigades a bit tiresome. The Mafia, or whatever group of bodies is now going under that label, also resents the heat. Some weeks ago, it was bruited around that they had come up with a scheme concerning the several hundred *brigatisti* now in Italy's maximum-security jails. The scheme was to kill one per day. What the Mafia wanted in return was not reported. This offer, at least, was one that the government found itself able to refuse.

The counter-terrorist police suggest precautions. The kidnappable classes are advised to vary routes and schedules and to keep their car doors locked. *Blindate*, armored cars, are available from several small factories for in excess of \$25,000. As, of course, are bodyguards.

Bodyguards are usually former *carabinieri* hired away at one third more than their previous salary. Say, \$1,000 a month. And Italy being Italy, the crisis seems sometimes to be perceived less as drama than as opera. The lunch party joked about a dilettante Roman, who can barely afford a bodyguard—"it was a bodyguard or a cook"—but hired one, just to keep up appearances.

Or the Milanese magnifico, who moves surrounded by a veritable task force. "Everybody knows when he is coming to a restaurant," noted a woman, gleefully, "because these six men walk in first—huge men in blue mohair suits—and they take a table, and sit there with pistols hidden under their newspapers. And everybody says, 'Ah, so-and-so is coming.'"

Bodyguard chic. And how much use are bodyguards anyway? Aldo Moro had five bodyguards. One industrialist's inexperienced gorilla recently winged two policemen in a parking lot.

And, as another magnate pointed out, shrugging: "How do I know I can trust them?"

A Milanese girl, a beauty, with a coppery ripple of Pre-Raphaelite hair, complained about the inconveniences. Just taking the children to school means three cars—a steel sandwich. "I

“...The terrorists, who desire to radicalize society, have at least done this: They have radicalized and uprooted the rich ...”





was looking at the school yard," she said. "It is quite small. If everybody brought bodyguards, there would be no room. And the bodyguards take them to school and collect them, but suppose a gunman was to walk into the middle of class. What could the teacher do—attack him?"

And, mostly, she worries about the effects on her children. "They have got used to guns. They say, 'Papa! You left your gun behind.'"

Another woman agreed. The day before, there had been this family row. Her children had been missing for two and a half hours. They were tough teenagers, and all they had done was take in a movie, but . . . *two and a half hours*. "It's dangerous," the woman told them. "This is Italy."

But the children don't always understand. "The young ones get excited," she said. "They see guns all over the place, and bodyguards. It is like cowboys and Indians for them."

Her children go to school in Switzerland. Her husband has a nonexportable job in Milan. She stays in London. When the children finish schooling, she will take them to America.

It isn't a terrific way to run a marriage, of course. "I have many friends who live like this," she told me. "The wives are sent away. They see their husbands on weekends only."

Or they end up part of the querulous gaggle of enforced expatriates. Interesting times. We are well endowed with fortitude when it comes to contemplating the misfortunes of others, and the problems of the rich can seem especially bearable.

But one point might be noted. The terrorists, who desire to radicalize society, are achieving at least this: the radicalization, or, at any rate, the uprooting, of the rich.

The fashionable Left has been understandably confused by the Moro affair. By and large, one discerns the Patty Hearst Effect, which is to say a separation of the Radical from the merely Chic. A Roman baroness, who positions herself far to the left of the official Communist party, told me that, agonizingly, she has rejected *la lotta armata* ("armed struggle"). She added, "This morning, they shot somebody outside my front door. In the legs."

Another kneecapping. Her nostrils flared. "There was a pool of blood by

my doorstep," she observed.

Indeed, yes. Pools of blood can concentrate the mind wonderfully. They trouble, for instance, Inge Feltrinelli, who owns a publishing empire. Her book list reads like a *Celebrity Register* of the revolution. She inherited it when her husband, the dapper millionaire Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, friend of Che Guevara and Ulrike Meinhof, was discovered blown to bits at the foot of a pylon which he may or may not have been trying to demolish.

We lunched at her country house, a splendidly rococo castello perched on a hilltop a couple of hours from her Milan headquarters. Inge Feltrinelli is German and ebullient. Normally ebullient, that is. Today, she had a hangover. She had, she told me, been up late, drinking with Alberto Moravia, who is a very rich writer, a supporter of the Left, and who had been complaining about bomb threats.

Bomb threats? *Alberto Moravia*?

Well, Feltrinelli conceded, bomb threats, like bodyguards, of which Moravia has two, are sort of classy right now. But Moravia doesn't take them lightly. A few months ago, he abandoned Rome for the city perhaps best planned of any on earth to thwart the protest march, the ambush, the quick getaway: Venice.

Wine arrived, and a risotto. The wine, she told me, was made from her own grapes. I gazed down the hill. A village huddles on the lower slopes, old stone and wood and tiles like baked macaroni. Quite unspoiled.

Unusually so, in fact. Inge Feltrinelli admitted that she had a certain clout regarding zoning. She pointed at a church tower. "Giangiacomo told them that if they were too noisy, he would broadcast anarchist marching songs from here, nonstop."

She laughed. Interesting times. Earlier in the week, she had given a party for an influential Communist. Leopoldo Pirelli, the tire magnate and an old friend, had telephoned. Unexpectedly, he had asked if he could come. "I said it will not be very chic. He said he wanted to meet him anyway."

There can be interesting problems of etiquette when worlds collide. It was, for instance, the house of Feltrinelli that published the only book about the Red Brigades approved of by the Red Brigades. It is movingly dedicated to "Comrade Mara," the late Margherita Cagol, wife of the Brigades' founder, Renato Curcio. Cagol was shot down by the police—taking one of them with her—while they were releasing the kidnapped liquor magnate Vittorio Gancia.

Another Feltrinelli friend. "Gancia had called me the same morning that he was kidnapped," Feltrinelli said.

"He told me he wanted to come out and see me." She found that odd. Tapped telephones? Inge Feltrinelli is not the only person to wonder if *agents provocateurs* have infiltrated the Red Brigades. She has, she said, endured several police searches and a couple of mysterious burglaries.

"They didn't take my Chanel," she said. "All they took were some old suits of Giangiacomo's. Why?"

We finished with a Feltrinelli grappa, which was a marked improvement on the wine, and a tour of the house and grounds. They were designed by Juvarella, who built a couple of royal palaces, and they are quite splendid.

In the gardens, Inge Feltrinelli plucked a lime and gave it to me. "Keep it," she offered. "It comes from a cutting I was given by Fidel."

Recently, I spoke to an acquaintance who had just been to a dinner party in an Italian embassy in the Middle East. During the meal, a young woman on the embassy staff announced her unqualified support for the kidnapping of Aldo Moro. Were she on Italian soil, she added, she would be tempted to join the Red Brigades herself.

After dinner, the writer expressed his surprise to the ambassador. "Oh," the ambassador said, "we have quite a little Kremlin here."

He could not, he observed, use the embassy code room.

Secret stuff went by ordinary mail.

What about the "NATO secrets"?

The writer laughed. "What NATO secrets?" he said.

Switzerland. I was sitting with a small, heterogeneous group. We had discussed the state of the snow (poorish). Also, just who had had which bits lifted by vanity surgeon Ivo Pitanguy (who happened to be sitting just across the room).

A bluff Spaniard began to talk of his plan to establish trout pools. "It's something we can do, at least," said his wife, "if the Communists take over." She added that their friends think them crazy to sink energy into farming, with the takeover imminent.

Her husband leaned across the table. He had, he said, a cousin who owned a farm or so. The cousin had just been approached by one of his men with a complaint. The farm workers had all gotten together and divided up the farms, ready for the revolution.

"And the bit they have given me is terrible," the man had said, indignantly. "You know the bit I would like? It's under the trees over there." Would the señor use his influence?

The group laughed. Rather a bitter-sweet laughter. They talked of a Portuguese friend who had taken off in the

“... Fanfani, the former prime minister, had observed, ‘When the Communists do get in, they will find nothing left to steal’...”

middle of the night during their recent troubles, driving his horses and fighting bulls over the border. As long as there is always a border, and another country.

There is always, of course, Switzerland. But is there? There are still ripples from the “Chiasso Scandal” of last year, namely the way in which the giant Crédit Suisse dropped \$650 million playing around with illegal lire. Chiasso, Lugano, and Geneva, traditional homes of funk money, are now acrawl with fiscal agents from France and Italy, so there is a boom in Zurich. But for how long? Several Swiss bankers are under investigation, accused of being part of a ring which launders terrorist funds (among those already arrested: Father Taddei, prior of St. Angelo’s, Rome). Now the Social Democratic party has voted—an unprecedented step—to end bank secrecy.

Actually, nothing much is likely to happen, but there are still shudders in the Alps. John Kenneth Galbraith recalls a characteristic case. Galbraith was dispensing smoked salmon and white wine in his Gstaad chalet and talking of an encounter with a hugely rich neighbor in a Geneva bank.

The neighbor, whom one might as well call Dieter, was worried. He was trying to get out of pesos. Did Galbraith think that Spain was *good* anymore, he asked?

Galbraith told him, gravely, that perhaps Spain wasn’t too good right now. But what about Switzerland—ringed with Eurocommunist states (“which I don’t believe at all,” Galbraith said in hasty parenthesis)?

Jesus! *Switzerland*. Dieter paled.

“So,” Galbraith continued, “I said: ‘Have you ever thought that in a really just society you would have been expropriated *years* ago?’ He said, ‘I’ve never looked at it that way before,’ and went on his way quite happily.”

If Switzerland falters, what then? “A few years ago, it was Connecticut,” Galbraith mused. “That seemed far enough from the Communists.”

“Before that it was Rome,” said Kitty Galbraith.

And London? Galbraith handed the salmon around again, ruminatively. The salmon had been given him in Norway during a recent lecture tour, on top of the fees. And probably worth more. The barter economy.

“Not London,” Galbraith decided. “For those people London always had a taint of socialism.”

“Those people” being, of course, the

seriously rich. John Kenneth Galbraith does not always see eye to eye with the seriously rich. He does not, for instance, see a real threat in Eurocommunism and any concomitant mass nationalization. “Nothing profitable has ever been nationalized,” he observed. “Well, some things that were profitable for a few years after the war. But almost always the state takes over failing capitalist enterprises.”

And the seriously rich, it should be said, do not necessarily see eye to eye with John Kenneth Galbraith. That evening a great number of them were gathered in the Palace Hotel, where a backgammon tournament was in progress. Old acquaintances showed their teeth at each other, arranged into smiles. Dice clacked in cups, pieces clicked around boards. It sounded like beetles mating. Beside the telephone, a telex stuttered out the prices in Zurich, Frankfurt, Tokyo, and New York.

A remark was repeated to me. Amintore Fanfani, a former Italian prime minister, is supposed to have said: “When the Communists do get in, they will find nothing left to steal.”

This is not a gathering which would seem disposed to believe in either the withering away of the Red Brigades or the new democratic face of Communism. A remarkably attractive woman, a Montenegrin baroness, told me that she was herself fascist, but that, in France, she voted Communist.

Why? “It will serve my liberal friends right,” she explained.

And supposing the Communists do come to power?

“I don’t mind anymore,” she said. “I can always go to New York.”

Yes. One always can. But so, of course, can *they*. A brisk run-through of potential *enragés* finds the usual suspects but turns up some interesting material. The Weather Underground, for instance, whose last exploit was the bungled bombing of Gulf & Western, may not be as moribund as supposed. An FBI source tells me he expects them to come to life in “six to eight months.”

As for terrorism of the imported variety, a longer period of gestation is predicted. Namely eighteen months. A report to Washington from West German intelligence states that a cell of the Japanese Red Army (who struck at Lod Airport) is now in the United States, looking for what are described in the permafrost prose style of the

intelligence community as “targets of opportunity.”

Individuals, perhaps, in the Baader-Meinhof/Red Brigades manner. Or those industrial marvels in which this country is so rich. Some claim, for instance, that the destructive potential of the natural-gas facilities on Staten Island, if and when full, would equal a two-kiloton bomb. (It is encouraging to hear that nuclear sites are not considered prime targets. Less so when one remembers that Brigades leaflets were found in the inner sanctum of an Italian nuclear plant.)

It would be pleasant, but untrue, to say that the FBI has things well in hand. It was not brilliantly successful against the Weathermen or the FALN even in its gung ho days, and a just-declassified report, *FBI Domestic Intelligence Operations: An Uncertain Future*, makes poignant reading.

Things may change. A tough anti-terrorist convention is being put together in Europe. A few are alarmed that such traditional rights as political asylum will be forfeit. But the sentiment is not widespread. Especially after Moro. Who resents body searches in airports nowadays?

I was back in New York. Charles Bracht had, I’ve heard, just been shot dead. That evening, I was in Nicola’s, a pleasant, somewhat penumbral spot at 84th and Lexington. I was with some Italians. They had just bought a movie from an American for \$350,000. The movie was sold to a front company, which sold it to another front company. They then repurchased it for \$2-million. Hot lire to split.

In a corner, I saw a Latin American of my acquaintance. He told me an interesting tale. He had a Venezuelan friend who had just thwarted a kidnap attempt. The Venezuelan had been supposed to make a diamond sale the day before. Through chance, he didn’t. Consequently, his bodyguards were still in attendance.

The day after the (failed) kidnap, the Venezuelan’s parents in Caracas had received a letter demanding a ransom of \$8 million.

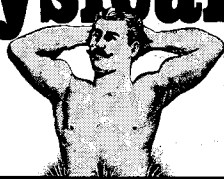
Unsettling, these foreign places. Except that this had happened on East 56th Street.

I made the appropriate noises. My acquaintance, suspecting perhaps a ho hum, clicked open a glossy briefcase. It contained a gun.

We, or some of us, are ready.

Interesting times. ■

An Intimidating New Class: The Physical Elite



By John Van Doorn

“... Their emblems—terry toweling, running shoes, skis—signal their existence to one another and their exclusivity to all of us...”

New York has always been a place where the elite meet. But elitism has taken the standard forms: breeding, money, intellect, swift-moving fads in politics and fashion. Now it is clear—guilt-inducing to the rest of us, exhilarating to those who are In—that a new class has come among us that defines elitism in an entirely different manner. For this is the time of the Physical Elite, a class of American men, women, and children who are taking to the roads, paths, courts, fields, gyms, courses, mountains, pools, rivers, lakes, oceans, and skies of this country in numbers quite without precedent. They are *exercising*—a little, a moderate amount, or in staggering gulps—to such an extent and in such a variety of ways that to codify them is nearly impossible. But they are there, here, all around us. And ye shall know them by their behavior, even in street clothes.

In movie lines, for example. Outside Cinema I, any given night of a decent picture, the runners stand out as if they were naked. They jiggle a lot. Isometric little businesses. Keep their feet moving. They stretch. They lean against buildings with their fingers and push, up on their toes, then down. Work kinks out of their necks like dashboard dolls. A good deal of hunching and unhunching.

Or in restaurants. The Physical Elite, particularly the long-distance runner, who by his own declaration (and the grudging agreement of lesser athletic mortals) is at the head of this class, have extraordinary feeding habits. Watch, the next time you're in a restaurant, for the man or woman engaged in lengthy discourse with the waiters. Dr. Thaddeus Kostrubala, a kind of high priest of long-distance stepping and the author of *The Joy of Running*, once demanded in a California restaurant that a whole onion be cut into his omelet.

He had a terrible time of it, but he finally got the onion, to the considerable dismay and incredulity of waiter and chef alike.

The point here is not whether an onion is good or bad for you—or for Dr. Kostrubala. What is significant is that this spontaneous drive for the body perfect is creating a new cut of American, the self-aware athlete who relies on feelings, on an almost mystic self-awareness and self-direction. Kostrubala had been eating onions in abnormal quantities for days because he, well, *knew* that onion was called for.

And onion isn't the end of it. These people are almost a race apart. Their behavior doesn't seem to conform to the urges that govern the rest of us. They stop smoking and drinking without hitch or pain or plaint. They become vegetarian and give up all that dangerous dairy stuff, not because they believe it's right but because they prefer it that way. Their direction comes from within. “They will,” says Kostrubala, “get up and walk out of theaters, not because the play is bad but because they find the air unbearable.”

What's more, it's not just the observations of you, me, or laboratory psychologists looking on like young Darwins at quaint behavioral tics that set these people apart. They too see themselves as different from the rest of us. They can identify one another in a crowd, and it's no accident that they can. While color of skin and hair are the natural distinguishing marks of racial groups, other groups wishing to announce their existence must do so by means of artificial aids. Where gays rely on their *hors de combat* suits, their measured gait and slick short hair; where London businessmen find their plum-in-mouth utterance, furled umbrella, and bowler indispensable, so the Physical Elite adorn themselves with

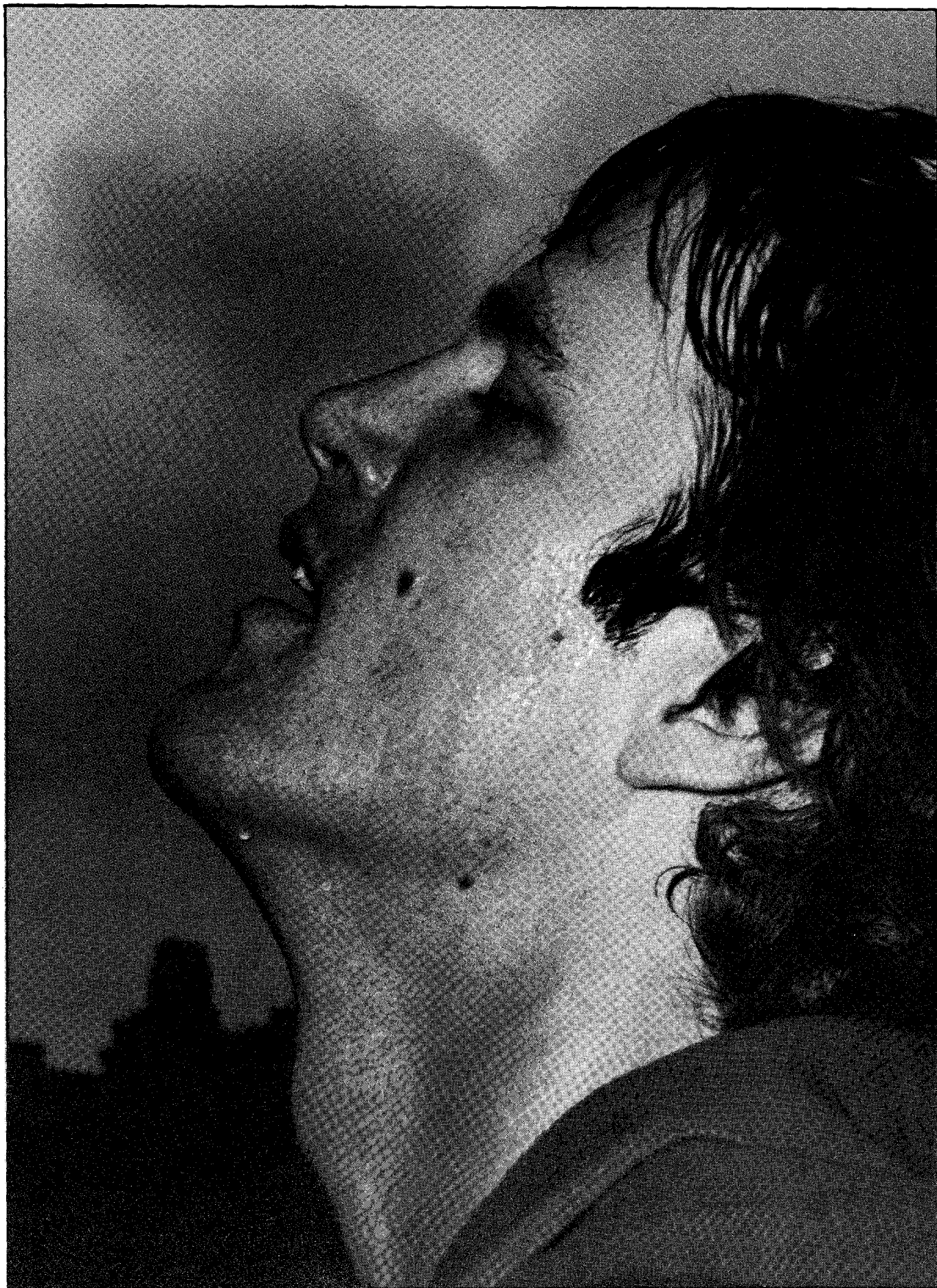
satin, terry toweling, tennis shoes, running shoes, skates, skis, or shiny leather cases handcrafted to carry their squash racquets. With these emblems, they signal their presence to one another and their exclusivity to all of us.

“Runners,” says Kostrubala, “seek each other out. They regard other runners as good and trustworthy, particularly the marathon runner, and look down on other people, thinking of them as bad, lazy, indolent, immoral.” This is true of all athletes, and they celebrate and share their exclusivity in private conversation and in colorful public swarms at clinics, in sports-equipment stores, and at the entrances to parks. (They also have a tendency to bore the rest of us to distraction.)

Intimidating, this idea of an emerging super-race. Yet figures have been coming in from respected counting-houses such as the Gallup Poll which suggest—no, make clear—that commitment to the better body/mind is practically epidemic. Today's bizarre behavior by a small band of runners may be tomorrow's norm for millions.

Attend to this Gallup Poll. As of late last year, 47 percent of all Americans “say” they participate—and who in the world would doubt them?—in some form of daily physical exercise. That is twice the figure recorded when a poll was taken in 1961. Of these, half are joggers; it goes without saying. The New York Road Runners Club is the largest sports club in the city. In two years, membership has tripled to 6,000.

Who are these exercising people, and why are they doing what they're doing? Gallup says they are the “upscale” people, college-educated, those in upper and upper-middle income brackets, professionals, business people, the general run of white-collar workers. Not exclusively, by any means, but they *began*



That special feeling: CBS News correspondent John Tesh is absolutely euphoric after running five miles, and this he does twice a day.

Photographed by Jeré Cockrell

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THE PHYSICAL ELITE

"... The sudden drive for the body perfect is the biggest spontaneous behavioral change since the Crusades..."

it all, it seems. Gallup writes: "Many behavioral and attitudinal trends in America follow the 'trickle-down' process—that is, they are taken up by the affluent and higher-educated groups and are later picked up by others—and the case of exercise appears to be no different." Thus nearly 15 million men and women are joggers, and roughly half of them have been to college. A nifty piece of information: Nearly half of all sporting shoes sold in the United States today are for running. A second nifty fact: Americans are spending \$65-million each year on such conditioning equipment as barbells, treadmills, and stationary bicycles.

The "why" is of course more important, and much harder to get at. That this is a monumental change in our national behavior—risky word, but there you are—seems to be a given. Gallup says the drive toward projecting the physical self represents the biggest behavioral change he's witnessed. Kostubala maintains that only the Crusades and the inception of dental hygiene are comparable.

Kostubala: "We can only conclude that there is a shift in the 'collective unconscious.' The nation as a whole is evolving toward another set of beliefs, values, and goals, and with no clear-cut pressure to do so. It is coming from within. If you ask Mr. Ordinary today what he thinks of meditation, religion, vitamins, diet, exercise, and health in general, he will give you a very different answer from the one he would have given ten years ago. We are seeing a simple revolution, a revolution in behavior."

James F. Fixx, author of *The Complete Book of Running*, suggests these reasons why the quest for fitness has suddenly seized so many of us:

"A predisposing factor is that our society is currently in a distinctly self-centered mood, one in which the best-seller lists are flooded with such unabashedly narcissistic works as *Looking Out for Number One*, *Designing Your Face*, and *Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program*. Having lost faith in much of society—government, business, marriage, the church, and so on—we seem to have turned to ourselves, putting

what faith we can muster in our own minds and bodies.

"A second factor is that, contrary to what we may sometimes feel, most of us have more leisure than we once did.

"Perhaps the most significant reason for the fitness boom, however, is that the masses have finally discovered what athletes have known all along, that exercise makes you feel good."

So, in sum, Watergate set us free, and we have more time to pursue ourselves. If this be revolution, evolutionary forces were at work. In the beginning, there was Barbara Moore, who walked the length and breadth of England and then came to this country and did the same thing. A lot of people followed her onto the roadways.

In another beginning there was Justice William O. Douglas, of the United States Supreme Court, who climbed mountains and marched along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bed in Washington.

There was the Eisenhower-era heart specialist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, forever sounding the call to exercise. Who can forget the sight of him pedaling his bicycle around Boston at the age of 82?

Were not the Kennedys, in their White House years, a force for a better us? All that multi-spirited touch football, and those calls to get out and hike 50 miles. (Wasn't it poor, pudgy Pierre Salinger, loyal to a fault and wrongly believing himself full of the Kennedy vigah, who attempted one of those hikes and fell out in the early going with blisters? And didn't the late Prince Stanislas Radziwill keep going only through the discreet ministrations of Dr. Feelgood, Max Jacobson?) Dean Rusk played basketball; William Childs Westmoreland played tennis at the Cercle Sportif in Saigon, hard by the war (beating Henry Cabot Lodge regularly).

What have these forebears wrought? The numbers are inescapable: The trumpet call has been answered. Millions of tall people, short people, fat and thin people, old and young, have signed up. They have their shoes, racquets, uniforms, skates, bats, balls, vitamins, and diets. They are distinctly into a physical elitism that has changed, and is changing, them. How?

Dr. Arnold Mandell, professor of psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego, finds that the involved athletes tend "to be more assertive, to exercise their dominant feelings more freely, to show their aggressions more readily." He emphasizes that they do this "not in a bad way but in ways directed toward life goals."

He adds: "They develop a feeling of fraternity. They share the experience of being a ball player or runner with

Three Good

Scorecard on Fourteen Sports and Exercises

	Jogging	Bicycling	Swimming	Skating	Handball/Squash
Physical Fitness					
Cardiorespiratory endurance (stamina)	21	19	21	18	19
Muscular endurance	20	18	20	17	18
Muscular strength	17	16	14	15	15
Flexibility	9	9	15	13	16
Balance	17	18	12	20	17
General Well-Being					
Weight control	21	20	15	17	19
Muscle definition	14	15	14	14	11
Digestion	13	12	13	11	13
Sleep	16	15	16	15	12
Total	148	142	140	140	140

Chart courtesy of Medical Times.



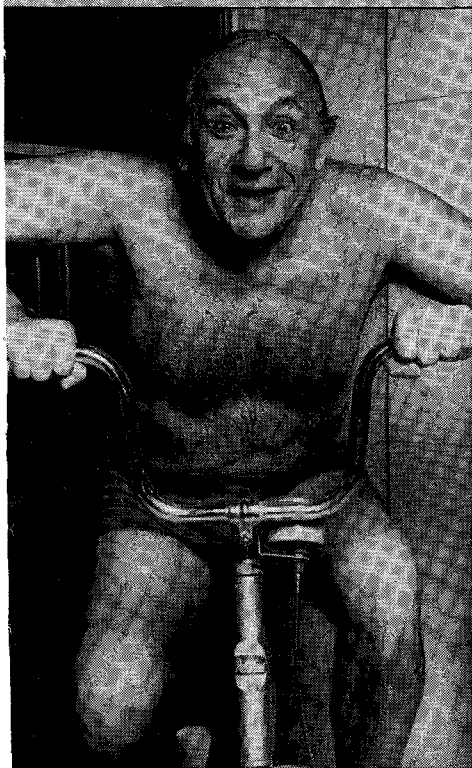
Soul on ice: Advertising executive Joe Lane 53, begins the day with calisthenics and adds vigorous ice-skating workouts every week, "breathing hard and sweating all the way. It really pays off . . . in muscles. I know I can cope with any emergency."

Photographed by Bill Hayward

Acts to Follow... And Fourteen More to Consider

Seven medical experts rated fourteen forms of exercise in terms of their contributions to fitness. Ratings are on a scale of 0 to 3, thus 21 (rated 3 by 7 judges) is the maximum score.

Skiing-Nordic	Skiing-Alpine	Basketball	Tennis	Calisthenics	Walking	Golf (using caddy)	Softball	Bowling
19	16	19	16	10	13	8	6	5
19	18	17	16	13	14	8	8	5
15	15	15	14	16	11	9	7	5
14	14	13	14	19	7	8	9	7
16	21	16	16	15	8	8	7	6
17	15	19	16	12	13	6	7	5
12	14	13	13	18	11	6	5	5
12	9	10	12	11	11	7	8	7
15	12	12	11	12	14	6	7	6
139	134	134	128	126	102	66	64	51

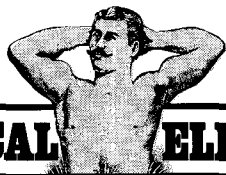


Fifty laps: Actor and newspaper columnist Harold Gary cannot imagine life, at 71, without physical activity. "I would be like a lump of dough," he says. He eats lightly, exercises every morning, and swims 40 to 50 laps a week.



Positively aggressive: Free-lance writer and editor Valerie Eads, 54, is a devotee of kendo, stylized fencing using 45-inch bamboo swords. In her five years of practicing it, she has found "kendo definitely does something for you aerobically and is good for hand-eye coordination, timing, and balance as well as developing positive aspects of aggression." She came out well above the norm on a recent fitness test.

THE PHYSICAL ELITE



"... A psychiatrist who prescribes exercise sees 'the return of courage' to his patients—unheard of in psychiatry..."

others who are doing it—across the whole gamut of athletic enterprises."

Dr. L. E. Trachtman, professor of communications and associate dean of the School of Humanities, Social Science, and Education at Purdue University, who has worked with men and women in the 30-to-60 age range, found that exercise produced greater emotional stability. "They developed greater self-assurance and became less practical and more imaginative," Dr. Trachtman said. He found that the new athletes had "a richer subjective life, could sustain inner probings more readily."

Dr. Mandell, who uses exercise as a psychiatric tool, said that he had observed among his patients something unheard of in psychiatry's history—a "return of courage." When he took a closer look at what was happening to these people, he identified a syndrome,

the parts of which—overweight and hypertension, cardiovascular disease, pain sensitivity, depression, tranquilizer taking, tantrums, and sleeplessness—added up to "Type A personalities gone cowardly." He says that the entire syndrome may be based on a single chemical imbalance, of norepinephrine, and that by getting his patients off and running he was able to help them find the courage they lacked. If this is true, it is a breakthrough of a rather high order in psychiatry: Courage is one factor which, like aggression, remains a constant in psychiatric case histories.

The Russian chess master Boris Spassky ran off to find courage and peace of mind during his now legendary match with bad boy Bobby Fischer in 1972. Spassky said the incredible strain of hours and hours of chess was much reduced when he ran five miles before the match. (He lost, but presumably he felt better about the whole thing.)

Much has been made of the high energy levels attained through rigorous exercise. Also of the "high" itself. Mandell speaks, however, of many routes that will lead to the release of what he calls "survival energy" in the brain. Such things, for example, as meditation, a walk for hours along the seashore, the playing of a single note over

and over on the oboe. "You can think of this," Mandell says, "as teasing the brain until it issues forth survival energy. This is a state of energy that exists in polar opposition to aggressive energy. It is the brain function that keeps us going above and beyond the normal capacities of human endurance and endeavor."

In the Mandellian theory, there are three stages that lead to the release of survival energy. First is pain, guilt, and depression (it may fairly be stated as the typical New Yorker stage). This goes away after about 30 minutes of working out and stays away if you stick with your exertions for five or six months. Next is the amphetamine or, obviously, the high stage that nearly anyone can achieve by running for an hour or so. But the final stage, the best one, is transcendence. You get transcendent, you just won't quit—on and on as long as you like, even as the wind.

Other chroniclers of the Physical Elite tend to explain themselves in less spiritual fashion, but perhaps the result is the same. Robert Paz, a 36-year-old New York City cop, starts his day with 150 sit-ups, 150 push-ups, 300 hand-grip squeezes, and a workout with a tension bar and a 130-pound barbell. At the precinct house he bench-presses 200 or 250 pounds twenty times a day, swings a jump rope for fifteen minutes, and does chin-ups. He says he is better both off and on the job for being in shape. "Once," he says, "a woman was about to jump from a ledge. I was able to grab her and pull her by holding her around the waist with one arm. My strength enables me to run upstairs without getting tired and to wrestle violent psychos to the ground. An officer on the beat needs more strength than the average guy. The weirdos out there are getting stronger all the time." Fixx concludes: "If a rival—in business, love, or anywhere else—turns to serious athletics, watch out."

What have we here? What does it all mean? The Physical Elite of New York and points west are there plainly to be seen. Just catch the action around the reservoir in Central Park at almost any hour of the day or night. But have we, as this super-race develops, brought ourselves to a new fascism? No, says Kostrubala. Yes, many runners have built themselves into a kind of *Übermensch*, and yes, Nietzsche (who wrote "Body I am entirely and nothing else," and "I want to teach men the sense of their existence, which is the Superman...") is the philosopher closest to the runner's world. But no, not fascism or Nazism. True runners depend on their own (Continued on page 42)

The Pied Pipers of the Fitness Movement



Paul Dudley White: Ike's heart doctor told the flaccid fifties to run, or bike, for its life.



Dr. Barbara Moore: Aged 56, she ate grass, carrots on a 3,387-mile hike across the country.



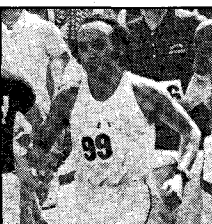
JFK's brother Bob: Built an image of the lean athletic leader through tough football and vigah.



Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.): Kept fit on seven-minute miles, warmed up with Olympians.



Bernarr Macfadden: Touted physical cults and sex pulps, skydove in Paris on his eighty-fourth birthday.



Erich Segal: Love Story author, and "best-known mediocre athlete," has run marathons since 1955.



William O. Douglas: Led the press on its first environmental hike, in 1954.



Esalen's George B. Leonard: Jogged, took akido, pushed body mysticism in The Ultimate Athlete.

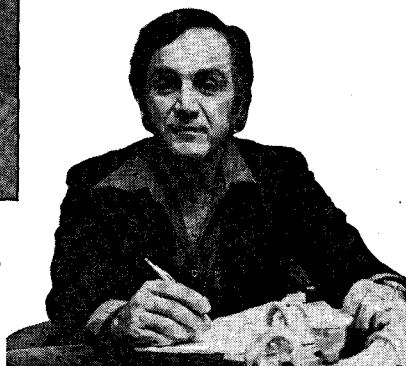
Reaping the Hidden Rewards of Fitness



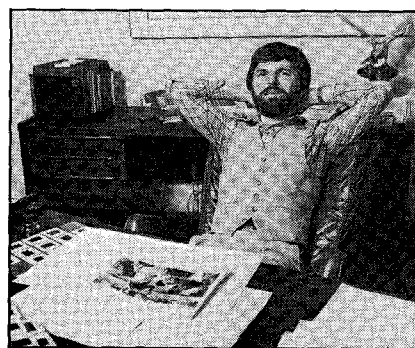
Familiar figure:
Jack LaLanne
sold East Coast
franchise to
body-builder
Harry Schwartz.



Pill pusher: Paul
Fetscher pushes
vitamins to fellow
runners.



Spa shah: Iranian-born Fred Manocherian owns four health clubs.



Running for gold: Runner Bob Anderson presides over a \$10-million publishing empire.

In America, it usually follows that a few get rich from what many are doing—and so it is with the ostensibly pure fitness boom. The running industry alone will gross \$400 million this year—a figure that is expected to double in 1979. The take for the whole gamut of fitness-related ventures could surpass \$5 billion by 1980. Here are some of those who have grasped the deeper meaning of getting in shape.



Marathoner Frank Shorter, winner of two Olympic medals, began selling his line of Shorter shorts, suits, and running tops out of a garage in Boulder, Colorado, last year. Within months, stores across the country found they couldn't keep his gear on the shelves for more than a few days. Frank Shorter Running Gear, according to a spokesman, is already worth \$3-million.



German Adi Dassler is still the uncontested world leader in specialty sporting shoes. He came out with his first line of track shoes in 1926 and now offers 30 different models of his Adidas running shoe alone. Adidas has manufacturing plants in over 25 countries, and sales outlets in 110 nations. Annual sales are reported to be well over \$125 million, but nobody knows the exact figure. Adidas is still privately held by the Dassler family, and none of them are talking about their ever increasing wealth. "The only figure I can give you," says an East Coast distributor for Adidas, "is that Adidas manufactures 150,000 pairs of sports shoes a day."



Runner's World publisher Bob Anderson began his publishing career twelve years ago while still a high school runner in Kansas, grossing \$513 for his first year's work putting out *Distance Running News*. Now, he and his wife are the sole owners of World Publications, of Mountain View, California, which controls a growing empire of seven separate companies specializing in running books, films, library services, and a mail-order house for runners. Paid circulation at *Runner's World* alone grew from 76,000 last May to over 250,000 this month. Anderson expects to gross \$10 million this year, \$20 million in 1979.



Iranian-born real-estate magnate Fred Manocherian (Pan Am Equities, Inc.), who opened the first branch of his New York Health and Racquet Club in 1973, hopes to have eight clubs in the city by 1980. The luxuriantly outfitted clubs have already drawn over 10,000 members, each of whom pays \$275 in annual fees plus an initiation charge of \$100. Manocherian won't say how much his clubs are bringing in but doesn't deny that his annual gross is well in excess of \$3 million.



The East Coast franchise of Jack LaLanne Health Spas, owned by body-builder Harry Schwartz, operates sixteen fitness clubs in the metropolitan area. East Coast general manager Barry Flickstein says Jack LaLanne has an active membership of 60,000. Members pay an initiation fee of \$339 and \$150 a year after that. Flickstein says he has four more clubs planned, which should

considerably boost his current annual gross of \$12 million.



Manhattan podiatrist Murray Weisenfeld began about ten years ago to convert his practice from the normal "corns and calluses" trade into one catering exclusively to runners. He now sees "maybe 5,000" runners a year, as well as members of three New York ballet companies. Fees range from \$15 for examination and treatment to \$90 for orthotic fittings and adjustments. He says his income ran into six figures last year.



Empire Sporting Goods of SoHo has been manufacturing athletic uniforms for years, but recently its biggest growth has come from its line of running apparel made for labels as various as J. C. Penney's and Pierre Cardin. Chairman Hobart Rauch, whose father and uncle founded the business in 1919, says sales have doubled over the past five years to an annual gross of about \$15 million.



Marathoner Paul Fetscher, a commercial-real-estate broker with Cushman & Wakefield, Inc., has been selling Shaklee vitamins to fellow runners for about two years. Shaklee, a large direct-sale company run out of Emoryville, California, pays a sliding commission fee to its salesmen based on their total sales. Fetscher says he can clear as much as \$1,000 a month for only three to four hours' work each week. "Running is like any other business," he says. "A lot of jokers can make a lot of money fast." —Rinker Buck

The Reservoir: Love on the Run

Ring-around-the-reservoir, a pocket full of pickups. Nowadays, serious runners have nothing but utter scorn for the 1.5-mile-long circular cinder track, claiming that it has become the cruising capital for Saturday's Generation of joggers. But for the rookie runners, the reservoir has a lot going for it. After all, the upper portion offers a short and flat distance with a cineramic view of the city and a minimum dose of carbon monoxide. True, the track is uncomfortably narrow and treaded with uneven ridges (which turn into moats after a rain), but that makes it more attractive for those who are into falling in touch with other bodies as well as their own. Indeed, the reservoir has many attractions for the nouveau jockster.

It's okay, for instance, to merely walk around the ring six times wearing the latest Frank Shorter shorts and flashing too much inner-thigh cellulite (at least the world knows you are trying); it's okay to hang out along the fenced perimeter or back bushes and scream out your phone number or do a Howard Cosell play-by-play commentary on the passing parade; it's okay to sprint right past someone in order to get a good frontal take on him (or her) and then drop back level for the initial pickup; it's okay to appear overdressed in white-on-white tennis togs and Tretorns only to turn your ankle within the first quarter mile; it's okay to wear too much Braggi gel for the 7 A.M. runs but make sure your headband is stainless; it's okay to run holding a tape deck, but earmuffed transistor sets are considered antisocial; it's okay to arrive and leave by

cab, just don't make a scene hailing one on Fifth Avenue.

Open cruising is encouraged but there are taboos. One should never start by asking another how he likes his Nike LD1000s, or what she thinks of carbo-loading diets. Stopping dead in your tracks to view a slow-stomping Jackie Onassis and her trailing Secret Serviceman is also forbidden, as is reversing your run to follow a Tom Brokaw or a Hugh Carey.

The reservoir can barely handle two across, so single acts are highly encouraged. However, early-morning business associates—the real marathon purists—have been known to hold meetings in tandem once around the track between 5:30 A.M. and 7:15 A.M. Then from 7:30 A.M. to 9 A.M. it's everybody's circus, with action central exploding at the Engineer's Gate at 90th and Fifth. A good wide-angle leg-splitting warm-up at this locale could be the start of something big. Unemployed admen and editors try to make it by 8:45 A.M. just to keep the body adjusted to the old nine-to-five regime, while housewives and their dogs, as well as a few actors, hit the trail anytime after 9:15 A.M. (There has been some fall-off with the East Side women at this hour, since the up-and-coming run seems to be the "Unmarried Women" stretch along the East River.) From noon to 3:30 P.M., the runners are a strange collection of loose-enders, but "happy hour" (4:30 P.M. to 8:15 P.M., or until the sun sets) becomes a stampede. The pump house (on the 86th Street crossway) takes over from the Engineer's Gate as the hot spot

for a warm-up or cool-down score.

Apparently there is a difference between those who take the high road (the top path) and those who choose the low (the bridle trail). Perhaps it has to do with whether you take your mud straight or dosed with a little horse manure. There's a mere two-tenths-of-a-mile difference (the bottom being longer and hillier), but the more earnest, faster feet seem to prefer the bridle path, while the slower-paced but better-dressed choose the top. Either route can feature those desperate souls who enjoy running clockwise (counterclockwise is *de rigueur* around the reservoir) just to catch an eye in the opposite flow. And the super-desperadoes are those who are neither Zoli models nor disco waiters in uniform, and who circle the track at 8 A.M. and again at 8 P.M. in the same black-satin shorts and black nail-studded-leather wristlets.

There is no particular pickup procedure; before, after, or during a run are all acceptable. But any action in the bushes is considered kinky. The police have noticed a drop in the number of rape attempts and attacks along the route—and no wonder. There's so much competition. The most active spring and summer nights are Wednesdays and Fridays, while the mornings vary with a particular swarming crowd on Tuesdays. Days with heavy pollution or rain are no-go, but in a light drizzle or steamy humidity the show must go on.

Face it. Last summer, it was Studio 54; now it's the reservoir. Can the Steve Rubell/Angel Dust Mini-Marathon be far behind? —Blair Sabol

(Continued from page 40) inner will to continue.

Where is all this leading? Well, there are a couple of facts you ought to know if you are not yet, and want to become, part of America's emerging new elite. After all, there certainly seems to be a lot going for you if you do. Psychiatrists hate to admit this about their trade, but it's the strong patients who really benefit, and Mandell has found this to be the case with his exercising patients—real neurotics get better, but those who come in with strengths and capabilities become great. That could be you. First fact: Competitive sports are out, and there is a kind of consensus—bless all the squash players—about the best exercise for real physical and mental fitness. These are running, swimming, and biking.

They just are, that's all, and they must be done daily, or "almost daily," as one doctor puts it, for 40 to 60 minutes. Well, giving up squash, tennis, and softball isn't so hard; they are rather difficult and unnaturally demanding games. But then you will also have to give up sex—all studies worth their salt have found that people's appetites for, and therefore engagements in, sex spontaneously diminish as they get more and more into rigorous daily exertions of the kind you need to clear your head. So much for the psychiatry. Now for the body. It's going to hurt you. Whether you run, swim, or bike, your muscles will ache and yearn to be stretched. And then there are inflamed Achilles tendons; stress fractures; hamstring pulls; shin splints; back, shoulder, and arm aches; not to men-

tion blisters and blackened toes.

Thus you will, if you take your anxiety-free life seriously, become a hypochondriac. When the mainstay of your newfound freedom is the proper functioning of your body, it is inescapable that you will spend unpredictably long hours inspecting, measuring, and tending to your body. When you feel a twinge, it will be a dire forewarning, but if there is no twinge, you will worry that all is not well with your nervous system.

So that, too, is a way of spotting your friendly neighborhood member of the Physical Elite. He or she is stretching, bobbing, twisting this way and that, the better to make a great symphony of rock-hard muscles and rolls of fat. But he or she may just be trying to ease the pain.

The Complete Look of Running

Numerous studies have shown that the jogger's rigorous exercise program has many wonderful physical and psychological rewards. It is also a violent form of exercise and is fraught with its own peculiar health hazards. Herewith a catalog of the advantages and drawbacks of jogging.

Pluses

Whole body: Aging process appears to be slowed down; energy and endurance increase.

Brain: Calmer; more cheerful; less insomnia; bad habits—smoking, drinking—disappear; more stable emotionally; more imaginative; less aggressive; less irritable; less anxious; more self-disciplined; less shy.

Lower back: Fewer aches.

Digestive system: Fewer digestive problems; reduced appetite; less constipation.

Reproductive system: Menstrual cramps and childbirth eased.

Bones: Less brittle (particularly important for older folks).

Circulatory system: Much improved—it seems that new capillaries form; coronary arteries stronger and bigger; some cholesterol and triglycerides become less concentrated.

Muscles: Faster and stronger responses.

Legs: Muscles become stronger, thinner, less flabby.

Head: Fewer colds; fewer headaches; fewer allergies.

Face: Looks younger.

Heart: Stronger; beats more slowly and pumps more blood.

Lungs: Stronger; take in more oxygen.

Skin: Sweats more readily; cools more efficiently; fewer allergies.



Perils

Brain: Hypochondriac; too much focus (some say) on jogging and not enough on business.

Rib cage: May get side stitch from overexertion.

Torso: Becomes thinner.

Knees: Softening of the knee-cap lining (chondromalacia patellae).

Hamstring muscles: Tears and "pulls" (usually from sprinting) and tightness through failing to do stretching exercises.

Shins: "Shin splints"—pains down the front of the leg.

Feet: Blisters, blackened toenails, stress fractures, bone bruises; may get plantar fasciitis (muscle strain on sole of foot), sesamoiditis (inflamed small bones on sole of foot), and heel spurs.

Calf muscle: Cramps and tightness.

Achilles tendons: Painful inflammation.

Muscles: Stiffness.

Heart: Coronary troubles—people over 35 should take stress test before starting a jogging program.

Circulatory system: Stroke—people with high blood pressure should take a stress test before beginning a jogging program. Possible blood-sugar-level problems: Diabetics, hypoglycemics, and hyperglycemics should see a doctor before running.

Whole body: Prolonged discomfort due to impact shock on the musculoskeletal frame.

Hip: Pain and discomfort due to impact shock—particularly in women.

Back and shoulders: Pain and discomfort in lower back, upper back, and shoulders due to impact shock.

Digestive system: Cramps, diarrhea.

If It Moves, Collect It

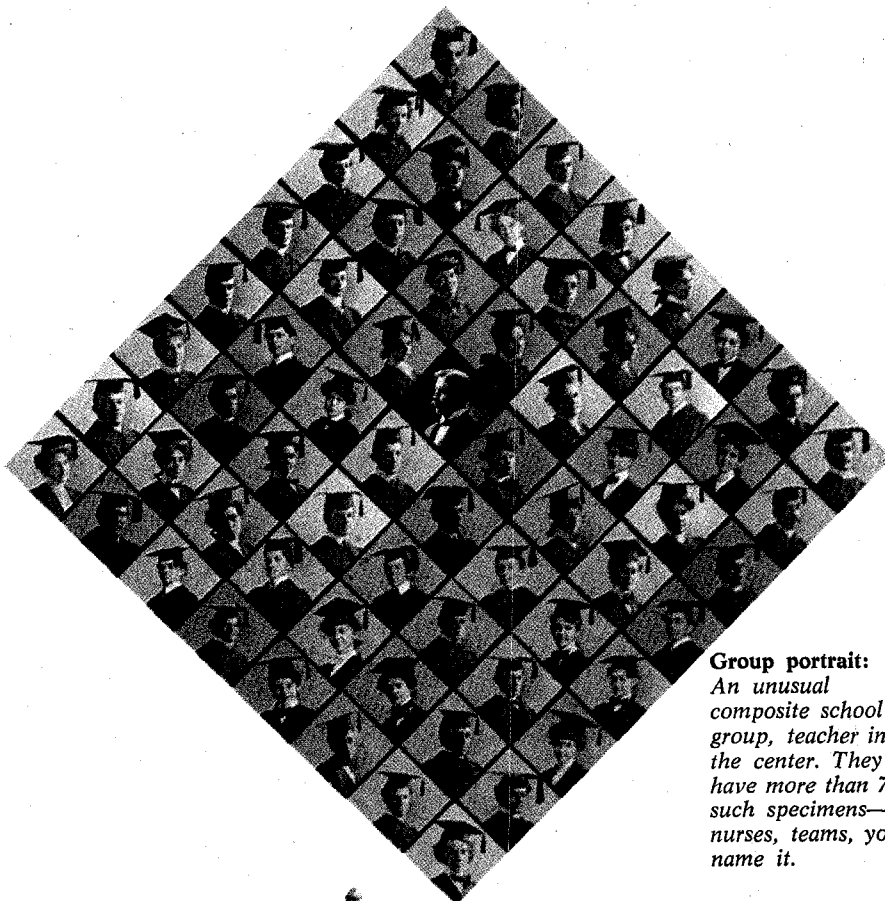
Produced by Peter Carlsen

"... Anyone can collect *something*; it's hard to collect *everything*..."



Anyone can collect matchbooks, stamps, diamonds, and so forth. It's child's play. But Stephen and Dorothy Globus (Mrs. Globus is in charge of exhibitions at the Cooper-Hewitt Mu-

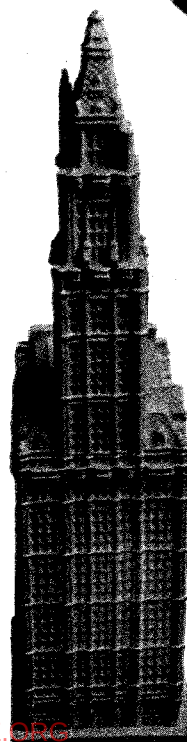
seum) have set themselves the formidable task of collecting *everything*: They cover the flea markets, antiques stores, and have special sources they refuse to reveal. When they come across something appealing, they begin looking for related pieces and another collection is started. What is pictured here, of course, is just the tip of the iceberg, a sampling. What does it all mean? "Nothing," Dr. Johnson observed, "is too little for so little a creature as man."



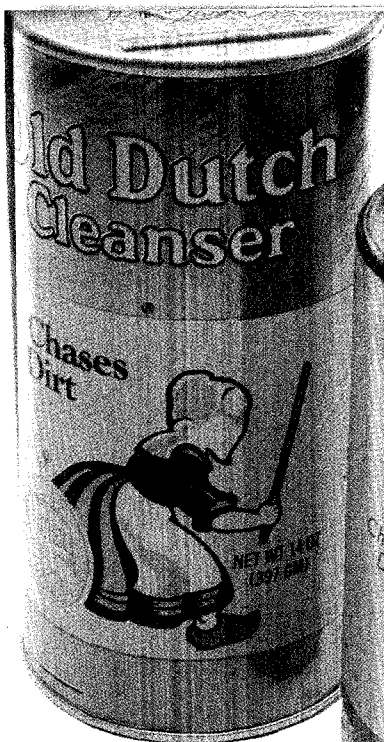
Group portrait:
An unusual composite school group, teacher in the center. They have more than 75 such specimens—nurses, teams, you name it.



Pyrographic art:
A wood-burning hobby popular around the turn of the century. Kits were available with tools, paints, and patterns. Or you could make your own.



Woolworth Building:
It's a lamp, saved by the Globuses for eternity from a group of souvenirs celebrating the "World's Tallest Building." Alas, it's the only one they have.



Old Dutch Cleanser:

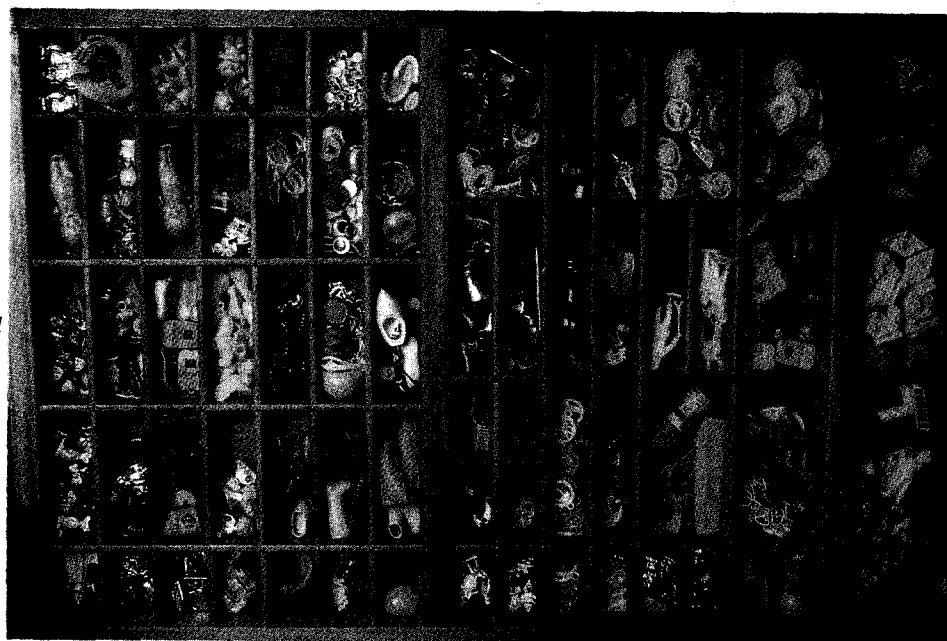
They have 150 print ads for this product—all pictures of the girl with a stick. These cans of various vintages lend three-dimensional support.

Rabbit doorstop:

One of 100 from their collection of things to stop doors with. There are boats, animals, people, etc., but they're not as cute.



Infinite riches: Carefully sorted by species and genus, these prizes from gum machines live in a drawer that once held printer's type. A collection virtually impossible to duplicate.



Hood ornaments: In better days, no car was complete without a statue. The Globuses have about a dozen, one of which is a nekkid woman. Found mostly in flea markets.



Flatiron postcard:

One of a collection of 300, this was once the most popular subject for New York postcards. The Globuses may have cornered the market. ■

DIPLOMATIC

DODGE DIPLOMAT IS WINNING FRIENDS AND INFLUENCING PEOPLE.

Dodge presents a great way to start some interesting Diplomatic Relations. Diplomat. A stylish, thoroughly enjoyable way to get out into the world.

FIRST AND FOREMOST, DIPLOMAT IS BEAUTIFUL.

The style starts with a distinctive grille and hood ornament and goes all the way back to the wraparound taillights. And the comfort extends all the way to the luxurious optional leather upholstery on Medallion



Optional Medallion leather seating



\$10,580

As shown excluding tax

*Equipped with standard 225 two-barrel, six-cylinder engine and manual transmission.



A PRODUCT OF
CHRYSLER CORPORATION

DODGE

RELATIONS.

models (and wagon models with 60/40 seats), and an AM/FM stereo radio that looks for stations for you.

HERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS TO DRESS UP A DIPLOMAT.

You start with standard features like power front disc brakes, power steering, and isolated transverse torsion-bar front suspension. Then you add the options you want: padded vinyl roof (standard on four-door), tilt steering wheel, digital clock, 178 engines, Electronic Lean Burn System on some optional engines...

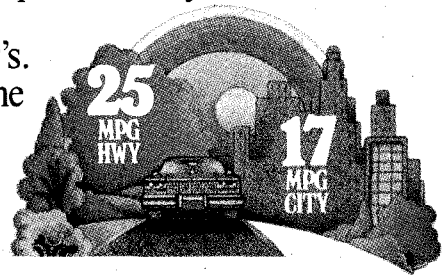
BECAUSE IT'S MID-SIZED, IT'S SMART.

Diplomat is a taut, agile, mid-sized car. Which makes it fun to drive. And smart to

drive. Equipped as you see it here, Diplomat's price is \$5290. Base sticker prices start at \$5021, not including taxes and destination charges.

And Diplomat has earned impressive EPA mileage estimates of 25 mpg highway, 17 mpg city.* Of course, your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car, and its equipment. California mileage lower.

Dodge Diplomat. Buy or lease one today at your Dodge Dealer's. It should be the start of some wonderful Diplomatic Relations.



DIPLOMAT.

The Sensuous Silks of Summer

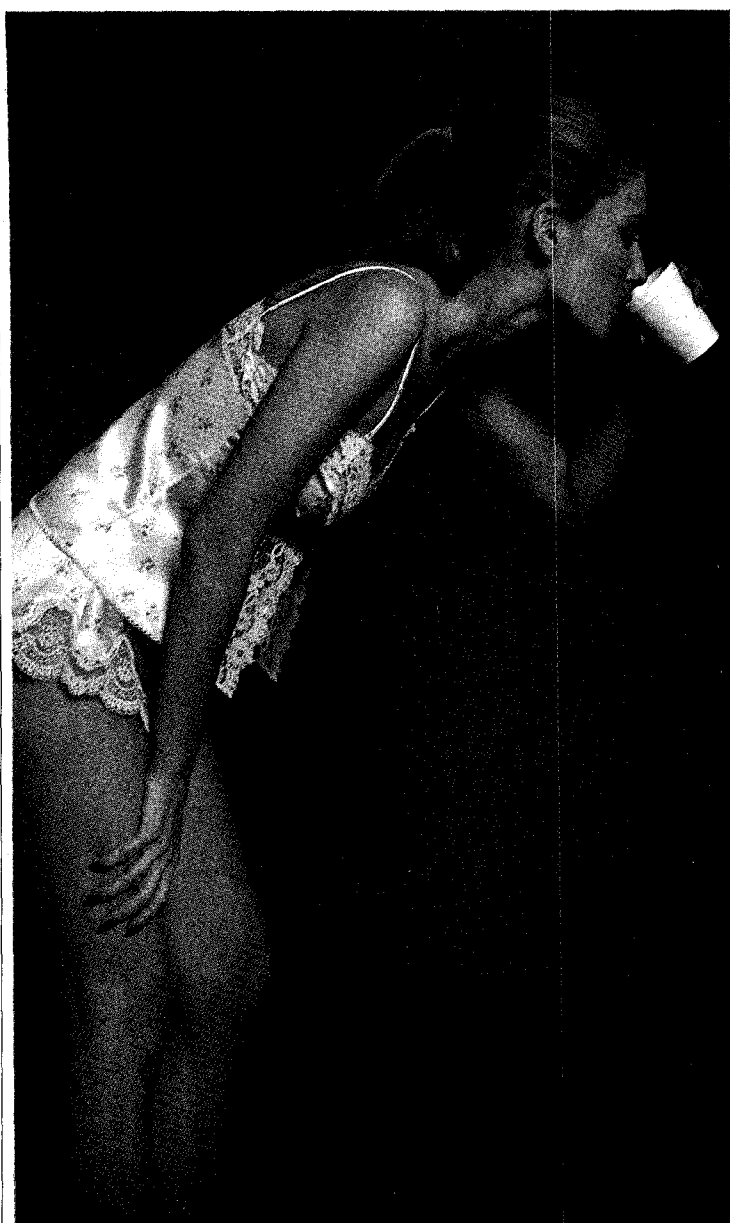
Photographed by James McLoughlin

“... Silk is probably the most becoming fabric made. It rustles and flutters and flatters the skin better than candlelight ...”

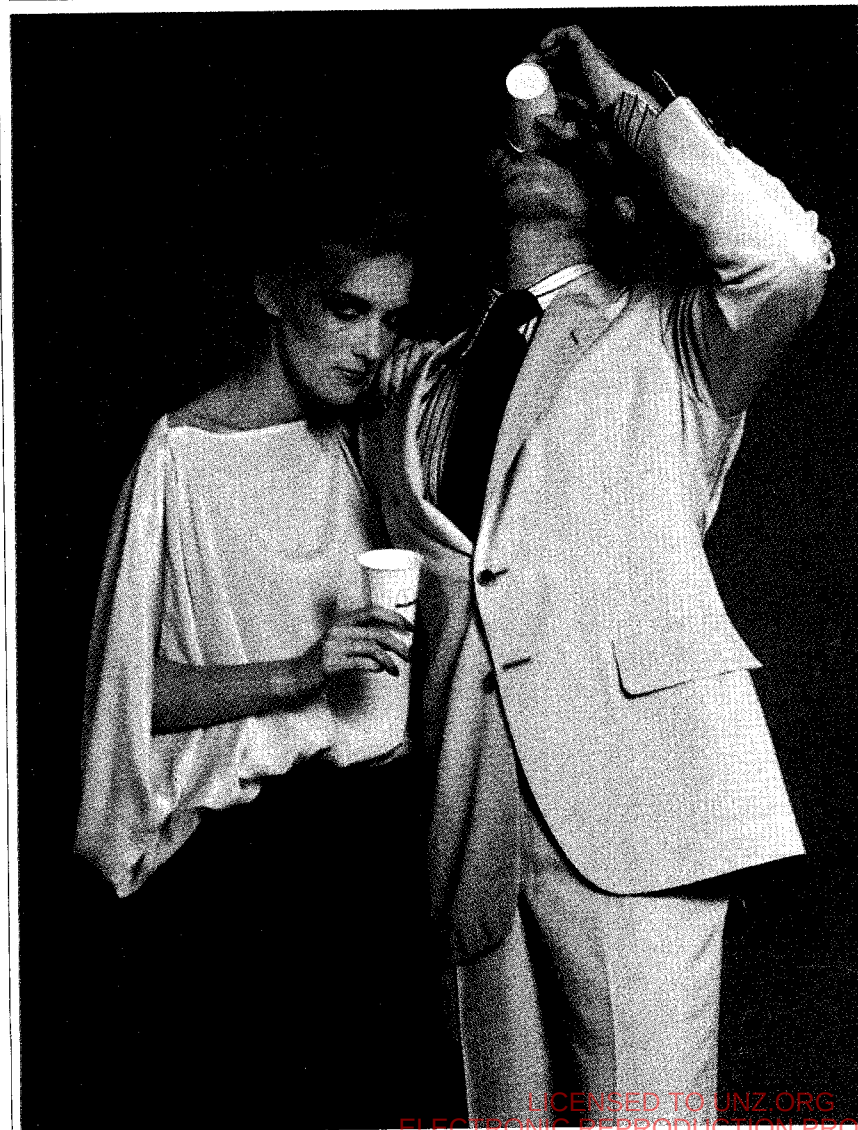
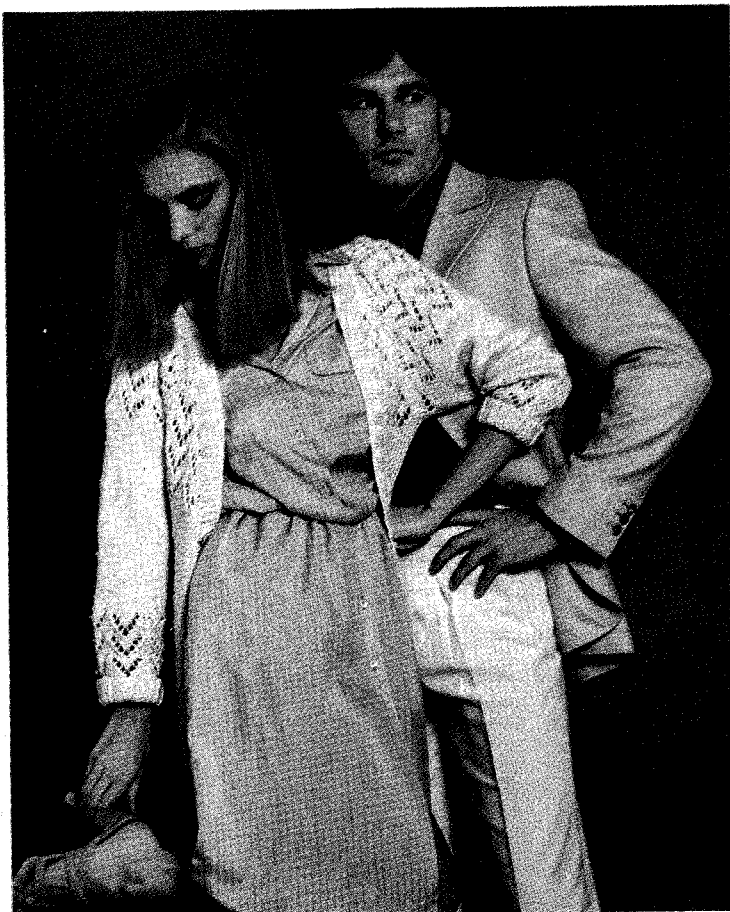
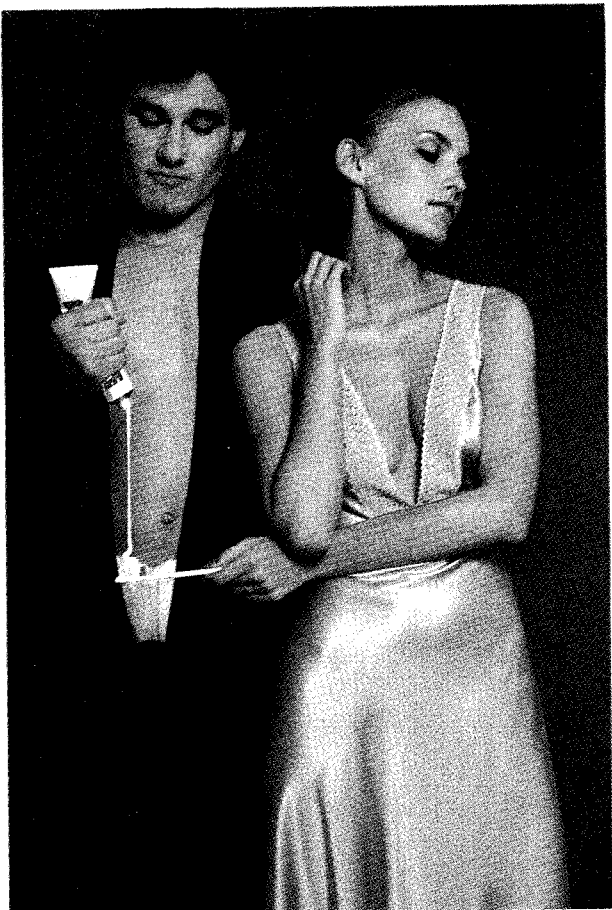
Not long ago, the prevalence of synthetic fabrics made things very hard for people who wanted to feel luxurious in their clothing and couldn't have cared less about no-iron and easy-care. But lately, natural fabrics—with silk shining out among them—have been displacing the man-made ones in the shops and on the bodies of the fashionable of both sexes. With rising oil prices, all those esters and polymers are no longer the bargains they used to be; and the long-term cost of silk is low indeed: According to the International Silk Association, silk garments can last “up to forever.”

Nor is the maintenance cost as high as you might think. Silk can be cleaned with soap and water, ironed without fear. After all, silk wasn't chosen for parachute fabric because of its flimsiness, and it was around for thousands of years before French cleaners.

Most important, silk is probably the most becoming fabric made. The classic shirtwaist or blouse and skirt changes from a schoolgirl uniform to an elegant understatement when translated into silk; the evening outfit rustles and flutters and flatters the complexion better than candlelight. And think of the metaphorical value. Do you really believe anyone will write a poem about the sweet, flowing liquefaction of his girl friend's miracle-fiber clothes? Would you be flattered to be told your skin was like polyester? And would you have voted for John Lindsay if he had come from the panty-hose district?
—Rhoda Koenig



Many a slip:
Welcome the sun in this heliotrope-dotted camisole (\$45) and tap pants (\$40) by Loré, at Bergdorf Goodman. Hair on these pages by Marcel, makeup by Jane Pittman, both of Cinandre.



Silk around the clock: Top left, ash-blond silk nightgown from Montepoleone (\$320), and aubergine dressing gown by Loré at Henri Bendel (\$150) over blue-piped white pajamas (A. Sulka, \$100). Top right, beige jacket (Andre Oliver, \$450) and khaki Christian Aujard shirt (Charivari, \$110) with cream raw-silk trousers, at Stewart Ross/

Stone Free (\$95). Rafael's gray shadow-striped shirt-dress (\$275) with hand-knit silk sweater from Stewart Ross/Stone Free (\$175). Left, Oxxford ivory silk suit (Barney's, \$625) with Andre Oliver's striped shirt (\$125) and Paul Stuart tie (\$15). Cream-and-coffee two-piece blouson dress by Malave (Betsey, Bunky, and Nini, \$190).



Silk to go:
Navy blazer (\$450) and striped shirt (\$125), both from Andre Oliver, with trousers from Stewart Ross/Stone Free (\$95). Dolman-sleeved beige dress, at Charivari (\$175), with Bonwit Teller's appliquéd-and-painted scarf (\$40).

Store-Finder Guide

Andre Oliver:
 34 East 57th Street.

A. Sulka:
 711 Fifth Avenue.

Betsey, Bunky, Nini: 746 Madison Avenue.

Charivari for Men: 2339 Broadway.

Charivari for Women: 2307 Broadway.

Montenapoleone: 789 Madison Avenue.

Paul Stuart:
 Madison Avenue at 45th Street.

Stewart Ross:
 754 Madison Avenue.

Stone Free:
 105 West 72nd Street.

How a Tough but Vulnerable Girl From the Midwest Found Success In a Dog-Eat-Dog World

By Louise Farr

“... Lin Bolen, the inspiration for the Faye Dunaway part in *Network*, was the first woman to invade the NBC inner sanctum ...”

Heads swiveled as Lin Bolen swept into the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary. Maybe it was the grand way she greeted two of her actors: “My boys . . . how are my boys?” Kiss, kiss. Maybe it was the uncut-lamb coat tossed over her blue jeans. (“I swore I wouldn’t have a fur until I could afford to treat it like crap, you know?”) Or maybe it was the voice which rose six enthusiastic decibels as she discussed Lin Bolen Productions’ pilot for *W.E.B.*, an NBC series about “the life and career of a young woman from the Midwest who rises in power to become head of daytime programming at a major television network.”

“Doesn’t it sound *ridiculous*?” said Lin Bolen, who as a young woman from the Midwest rose in power to become head of daytime programming at NBC. Her laugh pealed above the clatter of a hundred sand-dab plats du jour being set down on a hundred tables. “Where’d I get *that* idea?”

Ellen Cunningham, the fictional executive, is Bolen’s attempt to counter a less flattering dramatization of herself—the character played by Faye Dunaway in *Network*. Bolen knew something was up well before the movie came out, when Paddy Chayefsky was observed taking notes in the corridors of NBC, and Dunaway called to ask if she could follow Bolen around. (That request was denied because at that time—January 1976—Bolen was on the point of leaving the network.) The character that emerged had “the best ass ever seen on a vice-president

in charge of programming,” but was so ambitious that she babbled about ratings even when she took a man to bed.

“When I went to a screening,” Bolen said, “and Dunaway got up there and said, ‘I’m tellin’ you, this fuckin’ show is gonna be a fuckin’ hit,’ I wanted to go under the seat. It wasn’t me. I could have said some of those speeches, but it kind of makes me feel sad to think that someone perceived me that way.” Her friends also found the movie portrait inaccurate and “highly insulting”: “I’m sure when Lin’s in bed with a man she loves,” said one of them, “she doesn’t talk about ratings.” Everyone describes Bolen the way the *W.E.B.* program notes characterize Ellen Cunningham: “tough, but vulnerable.” “I really think,” Bolen muses, “that my vulnerability has been a key ingredient in my success.”

Lin Bolen landed at NBC in 1972. The first woman to invade the corporate inner sanctum, she had moved since her early twenties from producing television commercials in New York to heading special-projects development for Metromedia television in Los Angeles to free-lancing and “knocking on doors and taking meetings with anyone” who’d see her, in an attempt to package and produce her own shows. Then NBC, under fire from the women’s movement, hired her for a “nothing” job in the West Coast prime-time programming department. After two weeks, Bolen decided she was overqualified. After five months, she asked to be moved to New York as

head of daytime programming, the division that made the biggest profits. “Give me the job,” she said to NBC president Herb Schlosser, “and I’ll make you number one.” Schlosser gave her the job. “It was a very presumptuous commitment to make before I knew what it meant,” Bolen says today. “I had to learn on the job. I spent the first year feeling as if I was hanging onto a cliff by my fingernails.”

She jazzed up the game shows, giving them what was known as “the Bolen look”—flashy sets, higher stakes, and what she calls “stud” hosts. She lengthened the soaps from the traditional half hour to an hour (the other networks followed her lead), and was censured by the National Association of Broadcasters when she introduced simulated intercourse to daytime TV in *How to Survive a Marriage*. Two and a half years later, NBC daytime was number one in the ratings for the first time. “She blazed the trail,” says Herb Schlosser. “Now it doesn’t matter what your sex is, as long as you’re good.” Not everyone thought Bolen was good. “The woman has reduced NBC’s daytime sector to the intellectual level of Bingo Night at the Fire Hall,” said Chicago *Tribune* critic Gary Deeb. “I think game shows are a viable entertainment medium,” says Lin Bolen, after dismissing Gary Deeb with a single ten-letter word, the same word she used over the phone to New York *Times* critic John O’Connor after he dismissed her *First Ladies’ Diaries* as “soap opera in period costume.”

“...NBC told me, ‘We don’t want too much realism.’ I got my ‘damns.’ I got one ‘crap.’ But I had to lose ‘nigger genius’...”

Living down her bad notices has been the least of Lin Bolen's worries since she left NBC in 1976 to form her own production company. One could count the number of women independent TV packagers—those who see a project through from inception to completion—on the fingers of one hand (one estimate puts the number of successful male packagers at around 200). “Financially, packaging can be a disaster,” Bolen says. “That’s why there aren’t more women in the business. You get paid when you do a picture, not when you’re developing one. I have to keep salaries going whether I make a score or not.”

Bolen's switch from *Wheel of Fortune* and *The Wizard of Odds* to *W.E.B.*, with its \$1.25-million budget, hasn't changed her concern for getting every detail right. She has shown up on the set every day at Twentieth Century-Fox (which added to NBC's development money), supervising the creation of the fictional Trans American Broadcasting (WEB is its New York flagship station). She has chosen the costumes, down to the last linen handkerchief. She has instructed about locations (the heroine's brownstone should be in the East Sixties, not the Eighties) and about the placing of each \$15,000 hand-painted flat of New York skyscrapers behind each corporate window. She has spent almost as much time massaging the necks—and feet—of her actors as she has spent battling network Standards and Practices: “I said, ‘Guys, are you trying to tell me I can run a real network without ‘hells’ and ‘damns’?’ They said, ‘We don’t want too much realism.’ I got my ‘hells’ and ‘damns.’ I got one ‘crap.’ I had to lose ‘nigger genius,’ but ‘kike’ is in, and so’s ‘mick.’ Hell—NBC should get with it.”

David Karp, *W.E.B.*'s screenwriter, looked at Lin Bolen over the lunch table. “She’s drivin’ me up the wall with clothes and hair.”

“Clothes and hair make *character*. I am *meticulous*, David.”

“The word is ‘relentless.’ I worry about conjunctions. She worries about accessories.”

“That’s not true, David. I worry about lines, too.” Bolen tore at her blood-rare steak.

“She gets overinvolved. That’s the only reason I let her produce this show.”

“What? You *let me what?*”

“It’s ego, honey, ego,” she said later. “I love him, but they’re all alike. It was

my idea. He begged me to let him work on the project. But I adore him, so why make a thing about it?”

Studio blurbs for *W.E.B.* claim that “there is no conscious attempt to create a *roman à clef*,” leaving a viewer to infer that someone’s unconscious has been working overtime. Ellen Cunningham, who smokes long black cigarettes like Lin Bolen’s long black cigarettes, who wears Lin Bolen’s own banana-colored silk blouse and lamb coat as she stalks the hallways of Trans American Broadcasting, and beds down with “intense . . . moody” David Howell, is a good bet to be Lin Bolen. “Handsome and cold-looking” Jack Kiley is Jim Aubrey—or so everyone suspects. But who is network chief Harry Brooks? Is he Sarnoff? Is he Paley? And what of Harvey Pearlstein, the network numbers man who wears ill-fitting suits and chops on corned-beef sandwiches?

“Silverman? Silverman?” David Karp says testily. “Who says Freddie Silverman? I didn’t say Freddie Silverman. Someone else must have said Silverman.” “Oh, yeah,” says Lee Wilkof, who plays Pearlstein. “Silverman. That’s what I heard too.”

Says someone on the production staff, “Each character is one or two or three of the higher-ups—and everyone thinks it’s about him. It’s delicate. If it gets too close, NBC’ll pull it.”

Whether or not Pearlstein equals Silverman, NBC—despite rumors of “waiting for Freddie” paralysis—has not waited for Silverman’s June arrival as network chief. Twelve additional scripts are in the works, one of them including a character—Faye Dunham—who’s after Ellen Cunningham’s job. “Look,” says Lin Bolen blandly, “the show’s satirical, but we’re laughing with the networks, not at them.” But a friend of hers insists: “She’s scared to death—whatever she says.”

Lin Bolen did not appear scared as she stretched out on the sun deck of her Malibu home. Fear is not part of the Bolen style, several imitations of which have been making the rounds as examples of how a tough but, underneath it all, vulnerable woman can succeed in television. In one scenario, Lin Bolen screams into the phone. “Listen, honey, get me so-and-so. . . . Hello, honey? Now, listen, honey, if you don’t like what I’m doing and how I’m doing it, then *screw off*.” Another imitation has her, all sweetness and light laughter, talking a deal. “Yes, sweetie

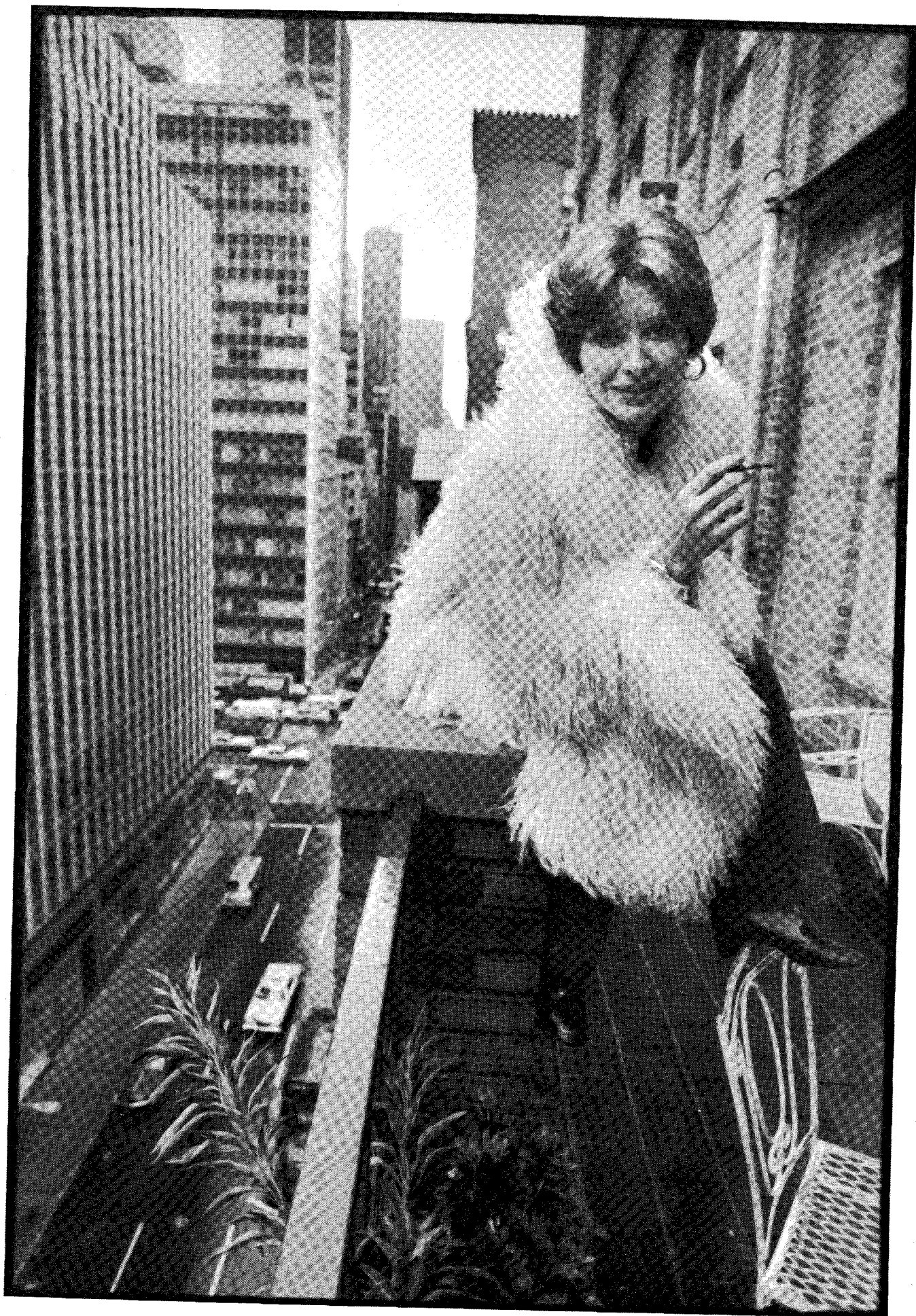
. . . right, darling . . . mm-hmm, sweetie.” Sweetie does not know that Bolen is meanwhile making an up-and-down hand gesture to suggest that he is a self-abuser. “If all else fails when she’s trying to get an actor or a sound person to work for her,” someone says, “she resorts to ‘Help me. I need you.’ And they melt.” “Her technique,” says someone else, who’s watched her at network meetings, “is to agree with everything they say, then walk out and do exactly what she wants.”

“Look,” said Lin Bolen, squinting into the Malibu sun and absently breaking off little chunks of buttered roll to toss to her arthritic poodle, Alfie, “I have a reputation that precedes me that is really unfounded. Yes, I’m an outrageous person. I stand on chairs and scream when I love an idea. I’m not afraid of saying what I think to anyone. I care about my projects, so I’m not gonna let anyone walk away with them. It’s real hard for the men in this town to deal with that. They don’t want to have to take any input from women.”

What viewers are going to have to deal with in *W.E.B.* is Ellen Cunningham (played by Pamela Bellwood), who saves the network by stepping in and editing 30 hours of prime-time programming called *Our America*. The producer of the show is Ellen’s lover, whose ego is unable to withstand her salvage operation.

“We’re attempting to show a woman who hasn’t been seen before—anywhere. We didn’t want her to be *too* beautiful—her *character* is beautiful,” said Bolen, who heard 225 actresses read for the role (her only physical specification for Ellen, according to insiders, was that she have “a great body”). “I want to show ballsy women who get laid—or who say, ‘No, I don’t want to,’ who can look at a man and say to each other, ‘Hey, he’s cute—what a stud!’ Women talk about men the way men talk about women, but men don’t know that. Sure, Ellen Cunningham’s alone at the end—but she’s alone a lot throughout the movie too. That’s the price you pay.”

Lin Bolen says she’s been producing since she was ten. She used to listen to radio dramas in Benton, Illinois, then re-enact them with her paper dolls, giving them dialogue, moves, costumes. She started in television when she was twenty. After a few years, she had her own Room at the top: Lin Bolen, mad as hell at NBC and not wanting to take it anymore, now runs her own production company.



Photographed by Barbra Walz

“... ‘First I approached station managers like a little girl. Then, when I delivered the numbers, I’d ram things down throats’...”

television-commercial production company; then she moved to Los Angeles from New York to work for Metro-media. “I never got credit there for anything I did. And some of those shows won awards, you know? They took my name off whatever I created and put their names on.”

Her first days at NBC were not the most pleasant in her life. “They were not extremely kind to me at that point. The gentlemen who were making those kinds of decisions told the secretaries they didn’t have to work for me. They literally cleaned out a closet that became my office. It was real hard at first, but I didn’t care. I wanted to find out what they did in there.” Says Leslie Cooper, a game-show writer and producer who worked with Bolen in New York, “All her producers were men—and they hated her. They said she’d gotten her job because she was sleeping with this guy or that guy. They didn’t know what to make of her.”

Nor were the men at NBC above a little catfighting. One game-show producer was indignant that Bolen had spread the story throughout the industry that he had not only refused her a job, but asked her if she was a lesbian. When asked if he had made that remark, he said, “Oh . . . I can’t remember, but it’s the kind of thing I might have done.” Another producer had a stormy relationship with her that ended in a huge fight in which Bolen is alleged to have said to him, “I suppose you think I’m an unreasonable c - - t.” “No, Lin,” he answered. “I don’t think you’re unreasonable.” (That one, however, says today that if she came to him for a job he’d hire her in a minute.)

“I rose in that corporation,” says Lin Bolen, “because I worked my tail off. I went to work for them because I wanted to make myself credible as a packager. . . . When it became too political for me, I wanted to move on.” Rumors still persist that Bolen initiated a power struggle at NBC and was asked to resign. “That’s not really accurate,” says Bolen. “There were certain power struggles which I sort of became involved with, but it was my decision to take a walk. The network actually offered me an enormous empire as well as a lot of money to stay.

“God,” she said, reminiscing about the times at NBC that helped her decide, “some of those station managers were mean cockers. But, you know, I approached them first of all like a sweet little girl. Then, when I delivered

them their numbers, I’d ram things down their throats. I’d say, ‘God damnit, you’ll take my *First Ladies’ Diaries* or I won’t give you my game shows.’ . . . I’d go anywhere to speak in those days. I’d show up at some Georgia affiliates’ meeting and see a sea of hostile faces, and I’d drop the network speech I had prepared and I’d say, ‘Let me tell you about myself—little girl . . . mining town . . . hitched up my bloomers and went to the big city.’ And they’d end up loving me.”

Lin Bolen thinks it’s about time, now that she’s 37, to forget the small-town-girl-makes-good business. She’d also like to drop the bit about being a baton twirler when she was fourteen.

“Of course,” she said, making a demonstration leap on the sun deck, “I was national champion.”

Things had been going reasonably well two weeks into shooting. Some time had been lost, according to Bolen, “because we had to set up Ellen’s vulnerability before she becomes ballsy.” “Yes,” agreed the director, Harvey Hart, “sometimes eleven takes on one shot. We’ve been trying to shoot *Gone With the Wind* on a TV schedule.” Mark Evans, head of Fox’s television production office, had shown up a couple of times with a grim little smile on his face, as heads of production are wont to do—even if the producer hasn’t hung up on their phone calls. But Lin Bolen had decided that she liked her Trans America Broadcasting network so much that she just might move back there to do daytime programming, and NBC, in an outburst of corporate passion, had proclaimed itself “in love” with the dailies. “The sets look as good as Ross Hunter’s,” one executive complimented her. “One thing you can’t accuse me of,” said Lin Bolen, “is sticking them up against the wall and giving you a two-shot.”

But on Monday of the third week, a man with a white beard and an abashed look stood in the doorway of the Los Angeles KCET studios’ telecine room, where *W.E.B.* was on location.

“We’ve had a shutter-flutter problem with the projector,” he said.

Lin Bolen paced the four square feet of floor available to her. She didn’t want to hear about shutter-flutter problems. She could work with the *devil* if he were talented, she has said, but she can’t stand inefficiency.

What Bolen needed at that moment was to get the American eagle flying.

It was supposed to take wing, as part of a montage of classic Americana, while Richard Basehart, playing a cross between Edward R. Murrow and Bogey, voice-overed in tones that resonated to the soles of his laced orthopedic shoes that America “was our land before we were her people. She was our dream before we knew we had one.” And how could Lin Bolen produce the *Our America* show-within-a-show if the eagle was stuck on the ground with shutter flutter?

“Everything that could possibly have gone wrong has gone wrong,” moaned Bolen, dashing back to the studio to see if the third Panavision camera had arrived to replace the first, which had blown up, and the second, which had arrived without a film-tape synchronizer.

By 3 P.M. the third camera had not arrived, and Bolen was still dealing with the additional problem of the eagle montage.

“We’re not in the toilet yet,” she said, running her hands through her hair.

“Did you hear Murray Schisgal got mugged in Westwood? No one gets mugged in Westwood,” David Karp said, trying to ease the tension.

Lin Bolen ignored him. She sat there twisting each one of her twelve or so tiny golden rings. “I see myself going slowly down the toilet,” she said. “If I don’t get that bird on tape soon, that bird isn’t going to be on tape.”

“Did you know that when you sneeze, it’s exactly the same physical mechanism as when you have an orgasm?” Karp tried again.

Bolen twisted her rings. Raked her fingers through her hair.

“Run it again, baby.”

Suddenly the eagle soared. The montage fell into place. The virgin American land awaited its people. And Lin Bolen disappeared to lose her temper with Panavision, which still hadn’t delivered the camera. “They’ve been *jerk-in’* us off. Are they gonna pay my post-production costs? Will the insurance pay? No—even if one of my actors died, I’d still have to eat the first ten grand.”

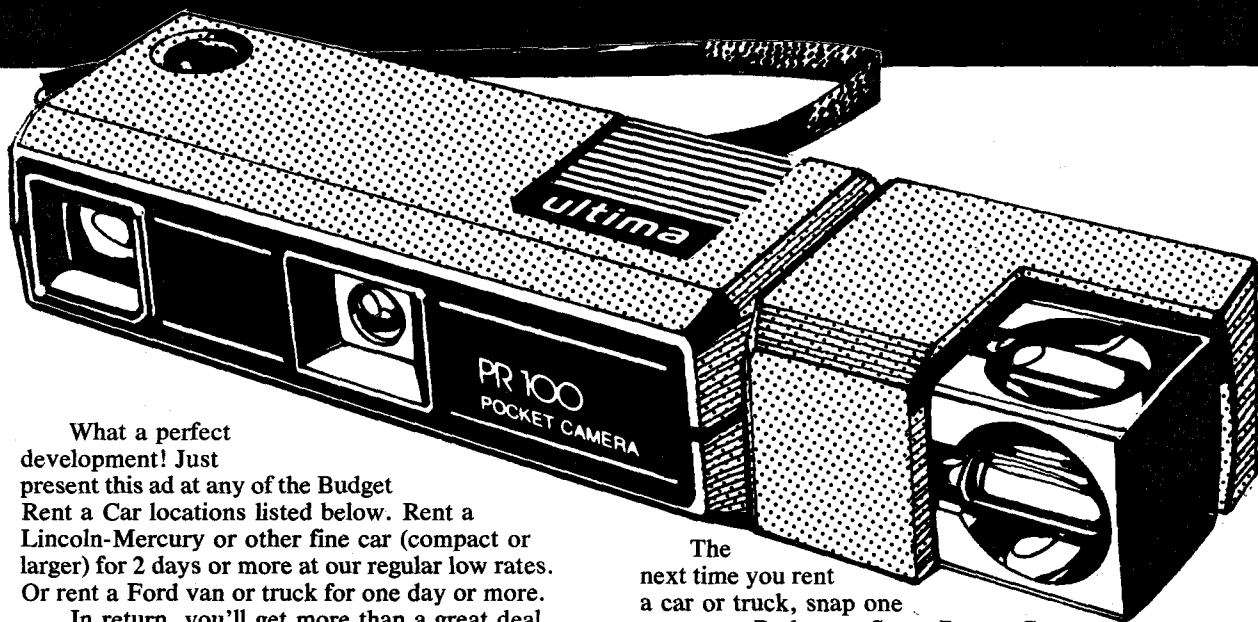
Despite the American eagle’s lack of cooperation, despite Panavision, despite union rules about meal penalties and golden time, the Los Angeles shoot wrapped a day ahead of schedule.

“My boys,” said Lin Bolen. “We did it thanks to my boys. They worked their asses off for me.” Kiss, kiss.

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Disco Sally Struts Her Stuff

By Bob Weiner

"... Sally attends Studio 54 every night, accompanied by a gaggle of young men often thought to be her grandsons ..."

The words pour like torrents of rain-water from four-foot-ten-inch, 95-pound, 77-year-old Sally Lippman, known to habitués of Studio 54 as Disco Sally:

"My 79-year-old brother has turned out to be a son of a bitch. He has the nerve to say that I'm the laughingstock of New York City just because I'm a swinger. When I told him that I liked *Saturday Night Fever*, he said that I had to be a congenital idiot. Never have I been so insulted in my 77 years. So I went to my psychiatrist, who I have been going to since I was 56, and I asked him: 'Am I the laughingstock of New York City? Because, frankly, I don't give a good goddamn.' My psychiatrist said: 'Play it cool. You're absolutely right. Carry on—it's the best thing that ever happened to you.'"

I first caught sight of Sally last September, as she stood patiently waiting to get past the ropes of the popular West 54th Street dance palace. After she had been there for three hours, I said to Steve Rubell, the Studio's co-owner: "Why don't you let that little old lady in? She could be dead tomorrow."

Since then, Disco Sally (or "Sal," as she is also called) has been a popular attraction, attending the Studio every night, usually accompanied by a gaggle of young men often thought to be her grandsons.

"I don't know what's the matter with these kids. What the hell do they want to bother with an old hag like me? That's what fascinates me. Why? What makes these people—young, attractive, and bright—what the hell do they want to flop around with me? They write poems and songs to me. They say they love me, but why?

They call me up and buy presents and say I look beautiful. *Nu!* In my old age, I became beautiful. My psychiatrist said I was the grandmother figure; take that for what it's worth. Something is oozing out of me like a dog in heat—it has nothing to do with sex. I can't figure it out."

The nonstop dialogue continues as Sally dishes out dinner in her four-room co-op apartment off Riverside Drive in the Seventies. The place is a clutterer's delight, filled with paintings, books, and the enamels that she makes in a kiln in a room off of her kitchen and leaves on consignment at the Elder Craftsman on Lexington Avenue. Boxes of shells, which she had shipped up from Florida, where she spent the winter with her brother, litter the living room.

"Have some carrot cake—it's homemade."

I can't refuse her, even though I'm bloated from her turkey soup, chicken, veal ribs, herb salad, and meat loaf with potatoes.

"Sally," I ask, "why do you always wear dark glasses at the Studio?"

"I wear the dark glasses because I can't stand the goddamn lights—but I love the music. The first time, the noise nearly got me down. I hated that kind of music. I thought it was raucous and loud, but I like it now. The beat is hypnotic, like African drums—it makes you feel wild and sexy, like. At 77, you gotta go feel sexy? It seems silly that I should get up and dance—but you know I just love it. I'll dance till the day I die."

Sally gestures: "Come into my bedroom said the spider to the fly." We move to her bedroom, which is also

filled with memorabilia and shells.

"Sally, you have always lived in New York?"

"No—I was born in Brody, Austria, and brought here when I was fourteen months old. I lived in Brooklyn, graduated from the Hebrew Technical School for Girls on Second Avenue, and went to work at fifteen as a stenographer. I wound up in the advertising department of the *Tribune* as a stenographer. I went to night school for nine months, then to Brooklyn Law School for three years. I was admitted to the bar in 1927 and got married the day I was admitted."

"You were a lawyer?"

"Yes. I opened an office in Brooklyn and eventually went in with my brother-in-law—but I gave up the law because there was no justice. I didn't need to make a living because my husband, who died three years ago, did. I didn't have children because Hitler was coming. So I moved to Ossining in 1937 and played golf every day. I went to my first psychiatrist in 1938 because my feet tingled and I had migraine headaches. The first thing the SOB asked me was: 'What is your aim in life?' 'To break 80,' I said. He didn't know what I was saying. 'Don't you play golf?' I asked. He told my family doctor that he didn't want me as a patient because I would drive him crazy. I go to my current doctor because I'm a manic-depressive—I go mainly because when I'm depressed he gives me drugs."

"What do you do all day?"

"I like to go to museums—the Frick, the Morgan Library, the Modern—but

Small wonder: Sally is a lawyer, swinger, and—at 77—still fights with her big brother.



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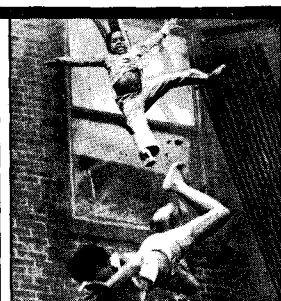
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I don't like the Whitney. I go to junk shops and buy things that I sell to friends. I leave the house early in the morning and have fun with my friends, most of whom are young. My best friend, Graham, is a 25-year-old waiter. I felt a little roll in the hay with him would not be bad. I've asked him. Last time, he said he wouldn't do it because it would be the end of a beautiful friendship—he may be right. I remember a scene in the film *Harold and Maude* where Bud Cort's psychiatrist asks him how can he bear Ruth Gordon's withered, old flesh, and I keep thinking, could Graham bear my withered, old flesh next to his young, pretty flesh? Maybe I'd disgust him—I'm pretty serious about the seduction business. Last week, he said maybe; previously he said no. I don't know if I could live that long—I might drop dead in a year. Before I die I should have at least one roll in the hay, but I've got to find a likely person. I can't go to sleep with just anybody. I can't see myself with an old man; it would kind of disgust me too. What about you, Bob?"

"I never get involved with my subjects."

Sally pouts: "Oh, that's ridiculous. Make me a verb instead. I'm going to ask you again and again."

At that moment, a neighbor arrives.

"I'm younger than Sally, but we envy her," the neighbor says. "She's what we old ladies would like to be but haven't got the guts. Where were you last night?" she asks Sally.

"You know, I'm crazy as a bedbug. I didn't leave the Studio till 7 A.M., and then I went to some guy's home for breakfast and a smoke. There's nothing to smoking pot; I go along with the gag. I haven't found that it's made me aware. I think it's lots of baloney, but I'll tell you, I think I'm on the way to being depraved. Bob, I have to roll in the hay before I die. Not that I mind dying, but a roll in the hay is better."

I decide it is time to leave. "The interview is finished," I tell Sally. "I have another appointment."

"Oh, do you have to go? Don't write anything bad about my brother—he may murder me, and I'm going to his new home in Connecticut for a week. At 79, he needs a new house?"

"I have to come back to do a TV commercial. This guy came up to me in the Studio and asked me if I'd do a shoe commercial. Maybe it's for fallen arches. Who the hell knows, as long as it doesn't make me look silly."

"Thanks for dinner, Sally."

She clutches my hand tightly, and purrs: "Come live with me and be my love." She then whispers in my ear: "How 'bout a roll in the hay?"

PRICE AND PRIDE

“...Price was sent from heaven to sing *Il Trovatore*; her voice matches Verdi's color scheme vibration for vibration...”

I have to share with you a delicious passage in *Kobbé's Complete Opera Book*, which I came across in my homework on the new albums of Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. In regard to the taking, or nontaking, of the high C at the end of “Di quella pira,” the great Gustave Kobbé writes as follows:

Not infrequently, the high C . . . is faked for tenors who cannot reach it . . . or who, having been able to reach it in their younger days . . . still wish to maintain their fame. For such the number is transposed. . . . By flourishing his sword and looking very fierce he usually manages to get away with it. . . . But the assumption of effort must not be omitted. The tenor who sings the . . . “Di quella pira” without getting red in the face will hardly be credited with having sung it at all.

Kobbé, God bless 'im, manages to define both tenors and *Il Trovatore* in that one paragraph. Verdi had written subtler and more elegant operas before his *Il Trovatore* of 1853—*Rigoletto*, of two years earlier, for one; he was to go on to even more sublime operas in the future. Yet, this hopelessly garbled farrago of an opera, no less hilarious in itself than the splendid parodies it drew from Gilbert and Sullivan (*Pinafore*, *Gondoliers*, etc.), has its own kind of perfection. It is the ultimate celebration of the human voice surpassing itself to create drama out of sheer effort. That, plus the not inconsiderable fact that it lacks a single dull measure (not even, as you might suspect from some performances, Ferrando's scene-setting prologue).

Leontyne Price has now enshrined her Leonora in three complete recordings; the first was with Richard Tucker, who did transpose the “Di quella pira.” The latest (Angel SCLX 3855) is now at hand. Her voice was sent from heaven to sing this music; she has exactly the right throb for the role, and the unique coloration of her sound, from a vibrant purple at the low end to a burnished gold at the top, matches Verdi's color scheme vibration for vibration. Yet,



there are aspects of the role that she has mastered only slowly, if the three recordings are a fair demonstration, and in the new set there is an elegance, a seamlessness, in her phrasing that neither earlier album possessed. If the touchstone for the singing of “D’amor sull’ali rosee” is, as I firmly believe, Zinka Milanov's performance in RCA's old mono recording (with Jussi Bjoerling and Leonard Warren, recently reissued—AVM2-0699), let it stand that Price's new performance comes as close as any merely human singer could hope.

An album like the Milanov-Bjoerling does not yield its place easily; but it would be foolish to ignore the superiorities in the new recording. One is the vibrant, whiplash conducting of Herbert von Karajan, the best Verdi performance I have heard under his sometimes erratic leadership. Another is the completeness of the issue: both stanzas of “Di quella pira,” the restoration of Leonora's “Tu vedrai” in the last act, and all the times around for that silly, lovable soldiers' chorus in Act III. There are debits, though: the harsh, frequently unfocused singing of Elena Obraztsova, the Azucena; the merely adequate Ferrando of Ruggero Raimondi; and—most fatal—Franco Bonisolli's strained, woefully bloodless Man-

rico. Yes, Mr. Kobbé, he sings the “Di quella pira” in the original key, and the high C sounds like terminal apoplexy, but other values are slighted.

On London OSA 13124 comes a competing version, sort of, with the brilliant (if effortless) work of Luciano Pavarotti as Manrico, and the uncommonly strong Ferrando of Nicolai Ghiaurov, and, again, a note-for-note complete performance under Richard Bonyne. But at what cost! The passion in the score eludes Bonyne completely, and his inadequacy colors the work of Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, both of whom sound as if they're singing in high heels.

The perfect *Trovatore* would be a montage of Price's latest Leonora, the Manrico a toss-up between Pavarotti and Plácido Domingo from the second Price recording, the vocal richness of Horne in the London set driven by the manic fury of Giulietta Simionato in the old London album with Tebaldi, and Warren from the old RCA album, Karajan's conducting, and the vibrancy of London's new recorded sound. Lacking the electronics to create such a superset, you will not go astray with the new Angel album.

Nobody seemed much taken with Verdi's *I Due Foscari* when the Rome Opera brought it here in 1968; my review, if I remember correctly, had something about letting sleeping dogs lie. I wasn't alone; Francis Toye, Verdi's biographer, called it “dead beyond revival.” Now Philips has issued the work in its admirable series of early Verdi operas (6700 105), and it may be that Toye and I were the ones asleep. The opera, based on a Byron play, dates from 1844; the music is exuberant, white-hot trash that I now find irresistible.

Nobody need look for dramatic subtlety here. The orchestration is colossally vulgar, not only because the sound is mostly brass but also because these instruments are obliged to curl around, and often obscure, the genuine skill of the vocal writing. (The metal in Verdi's early orchestrations might be tempered, by the way, if the narrow-



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bore trombones of Verdi's own time could be copied and reintroduced.) There is music of genuine quality here, even so: some gorgeous, elaborate choral episodes, and almost all the music for tenor and soprano. The plot, which involves some political chicanery in the early Renaissance, is probably better overlooked, but not the music.

The new performance, under Lamberto Gardelli's direction, is superbly spirited, and at its core is some absolutely first-class singing by Katia Ricciarelli and José Carreras. The cast also includes the fine and steadily improving American bass Samuel Ramey, in what I take to be his first major recording. The opera, as recorded, runs well under two hours; some ballet music for the third act is here—as in the Rome Opera performance—omitted. The loss is slight.

Another Philips operatic project proceeds apace, that of recording all the operas of Joseph Haydn—most of them for the first time. Two recent additions to the list are *L'Isola Disabitata* of 1779 (6700 119) and *Orlando Paladino* of 1782 (6707 029); four up and at least eight to go.

Both works, created for elaborate entertainments at the Esterhazy palace, raise some interesting questions about the taste of Haydn's noble patron. They are, to say the least, curious scores, rather old-fashioned for their time both in choice of dramatic material and in musical fashioning. The music is extraordinarily skillful, and at times lovely. Little of it, however, displays the enterprise of Haydn's instrumental writing at the time. The patron who encouraged Haydn's experimentation in symphony and quartet seems to have preferred his opera straight. A nice parallel that: Eisenstadt, circa 1779, and New York, 1978.

L'Isola Disabitata, a brief work for but four characters, is the more interesting of the two; its plot is an amusing blend of elements from *The Tempest* and Mozart's *Abduction*: abandoned women on a desert island, a lover carried off by pirates, etc. There is some interesting tone painting here and, at the end, a stunning quartet of reconciliation and general joy. *Orlando* is an even odder mixture: part magical mystery (as in Handel's *Alcina*), part historical (Orlando is the son of Charlemagne), part farcical frippery. The work does go on and on (eight sides, twice the length of *L'Isola*) and the resolute formalism of the arias harks back to the style of about 1700.

Both works are tidily conducted by Antal Dorati, with an excellent small orchestra and generally able casts:

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Norma Lerer and Luigi Alva as the principals in *L'Isola*, Elly Ameling, Gwendolyn Killebrew, and Benjamin Luxon in the *Orlando*. The two best Haydn operas—the delightful *Mondo della Luna* and the late, astounding *Orfeo*—have yet to be tackled in this series. When they are, perhaps I can work up more enthusiasm.

Snap, Crackle, and Pop

There is an asylum in Austria where, to develop a sensitivity to outer as well as inner vibrations, patients are made to play electronic music. And though popular music is finding more and more ways to become electronically enhanced, the only true electronic group to have made any mark is **Kraftwerk**. They use no instruments. All the sounds, even the percussion, are produced by synthesizers, oscillators, phasers, and amps. And as technology is the medium, the romanticizing of the technological world is the message. In the past, there have been two obvious influences on the group's music: the intellectual influence of the work of John Cage and Karlheinz Stockhausen, and the visceral influence of the years that the group spent rehearsing and recording its music in a studio smack in the middle of a Düsseldorf oil refinery. At first its music employed the sounds of heavy industry, the noise of the superhighway, the static of the radio, but on its latest album, *Man Machine* (Capitol SW 11728), the group takes its formalized, supremacist art and turns it into Dada. It takes incisive lyrics and fuses them with almost traditional rhythms and moods to produce a music that is meant not only to simulate the electronically enhanced world of the listener, but to poke fun at it. And in the end, though engineering has replaced musicianship, there is still no substitute for poetry. We need art to put the machine into perspective.

But before we can make any assumptions about the direction of popular music, we must consider *Variations* (MCA 3042) from **Andrew Lloyd Webber**, the man best known as the composer of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. The album is based on Paganini's A minor Caprice for Violin, a theme which has been varied in the past by Liszt, Brahms, and Benny Goodman. For this project, Webber assembled seven musicians, most notably Rod Argent and Gary Moore, and they perform in a manner that is serious without being solemn and displays virtuosity without pomposity. And, considering that the album came about as the result of a bet on a soccer match, it is a pleasant surprise.

—Tom Bentkowski

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NY5

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

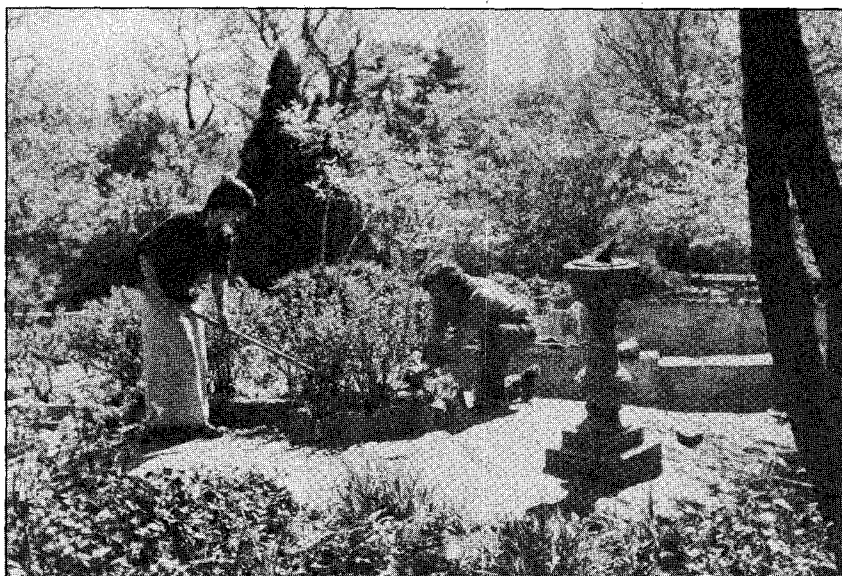
By Ellen Stern



Sullenly Last Summer

Montgomery Clift. James Dean. Marlon Brando. "Three young men," according to John Simon, "who revolutionized the image of the ideal male—not only for women but also for men!" Three young men who will be celebrated in a film festival, via *A Place in the Sun*, *The Men*, *Streetcar*, *Giant*, *The Search*, *East of Eden*, etc.

THREE REBELS/May 28–June 24
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This Blessed Plot

Three summers ago, Peggy and John McGarrahan returned from vacation and took a walk in Central Park. When they reached the Shakespeare Garden behind the Delacorte Theater, they were lost. "It was so overgrown," says Peggy (a kindergarten teacher at Nightingale-Bamford), "you couldn't get through the paths. The weeds were chest-high." They called the Parks Department and offered to do the weeding. The job took three months.

"It then became apparent that having cleared the area, we'd have to plant it," says John (a lawyer). Over the winter, they made up a list of flora they'd need and a flier asking for contributions. "If a doorman was nice," says Peggy, "he'd hand it out with the morning mail." They collected \$1,000.

It was a start. Now, thanks to small offerings and much fervor, the McGarrahans and a tiny company of volunteers have uncovered roses and hosta, uncluttered ivy beds, unfettered hawthorns and dogwoods, yews and cedars, a birch and a crab-apple tree, and uninhibited a family of rabbits, who live in the rocks and sit in the sun. And they have planted: artemisia, hollyhocks, day lilies, violets, yarrow, musk roses, arabis, wild geraniums, Johnny-jump-ups, coreopsis, basket-of-gold, loosestrife, chives, Scotch broom, columbine, bleeding heart, ajuga, wild daisies, candytuft, camomile, burnet, lilies of the valley, iris, tulips, tarragon, sage, savory, strawberries, thyme and lemon thyme, lavender, parsley, mint, one begonia, one quince tree, and two apple trees. Most are mentioned by Shakespeare or are traditionally English.

"We're not highly organized," says John, "so people often plant things without letting us know. We should have a master plan, but we don't." Peggy tells of a cop who brought some strawberry plants from his own garden, planted them, watered them, and told no one: "We wouldn't have even known unless we'd come by and seen him here," she says. And there are others: "The guy who tells us all about bugs and insects. The Japanese jogger who runs by at eleven and says, 'Everybody should do this,' and, as we hand him a trowel, keeps moving. And the fellow who came along one day, leaned on the fence, and recited a couple of Shakespeare sonnets."

The garden was originally planted as a "sentimental garden" in 1912. In 1915, the Shakespeare Society took it over and added cuttings from Stratford-on-Avon. Three full-time gardeners maintained it.

And now it is the McGarrahans—every Sunday from noon on, rain or shine, from March to December. For Peggy, this is nothing new. Her family had gardens at their summer homes. For John, however, it is new. "The most I'd done before was pick blueberries."

Funds dribble in (there are about 50 "subscribers"), and more money is always needed. So are volunteers. There is much work still to do: restoration of the downhill pools, planting the land below the overlook, constant pruning, watering, and weeding. "I love to see people sitting here and looking at the flowers," says Peggy. "I think of it as a little oasis in a big city."

PEGGY AND JOHN MCGARRAHAN/369-1948 after 6 p.m.

Carl André shops here for his Dom Pérignon. Claes Oldenburg buys pinot grigio. Leo Castelli swings from beaujolais to Moët, depending on whose opening he is catering. This is Soho Wines & Spirits, with lots of floor, lots of space, lots of interesting wines displayed beneath neon signs saying ITALIAN, CALIFORNIA, FRENCH, SPARKLING. Soho which is owned by three young brothers named Stephen, Vic, and Paul Masullo, is a second-generation store; Papa Masullo has run a liquor store on Spring Street for 25 years. He keeps a watchful eye on this one. Says he: "People were so glad it was neighborhood people opening here, no outsiders. It's nice. An old feeling in a new area."

The residents of West 79th Street have joined needles to create a quilt representing the best (and worst) of New York. There's a Chinese dragon, a satin hot dog, a subway with embroidered graffiti, calico buses, kicking Rockettes, etc. The quilt will be on exhibit at the Greater New York Savings Bank at Broadway and 79th from May 31 through June 2. A block party—at which the quilt will be auctioned—will follow.

[illegible]

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TRASHING THE SIXTIES

"...The Guggenheim's 'Young American Artists' show is fascinating, intended to reaffirm everyone's faith in the seventies..."

Recently I've met several visiting European artists and art dealers who were on the point of returning to Europe, reassured that "nothing is happening in New York." Although it is difficult to dispute an absolutely false premise, I have tried to point out that there are more galleries and shows than ever, more different kinds of art, and that, in general, the level of what is being done seems higher than it was ten years ago.

The answer is always something like: "In the fifties you had Abstract Expressionism. In the sixties you had Pop and Op and Minimal and (fill in name of movement). Now there is nothing."

This could be European xenophobia, but I have heard it echoed by a number of young local artists, good ones. It seems to me that the lack of a current dominant movement or school is what the complaint is all about, and that this ought rather to be a cause for rejoicing. Yet this sign of health is considered unhealthy, like the pink flush of a consumptive. Even our anarchists get very unhappy when there is no team to join.

Perhaps to help counteract this decline in morale, Linda Shearer, assistant curator at the Guggenheim, has assembled a generally fascinating show there called **Young American Artists**,

which is intended to reaffirm everybody's faith in the sagging, soon-to-be-over seventies. The catalog contains interviews conducted by Mrs. Shearer with the thirteen young ("younger," actually; their median age is 33) artists. Each interview begins with a reply to an edited-out question, which was apparently something like "How do you feel about the art of the sixties?"

Thus, some of the artists start out sounding like witnesses at a show trial, the trial of "the sixties." Denise Green: "I certainly could not have done my present work during the sixties." (Yes, she could have; there were individualists then, too—their work just didn't get seen much at the Guggenheim or the Whitney.) Scott Burton (who was 21 in 1960): "My work couldn't have existed in the sixties." Marilyn Lenkowsky: "In general, the situation now seems far more open than in the sixties." (True.) Robert Lawrance Lobe: "While I don't think that my work is necessarily typical of the seventies, I do know that what I'm doing now would probably never have been done in the sixties." Others are more nuanced, some even admire the gosh-darned decade, but all have been asked to see their work in a reductive rear-

view mirror to explain why it is a product of the seventies, which Mrs. Shearer calls "our own decade."

I don't think that the seventies are our own any more than the sixties were. (Besides, if we get too attached to the seventies, what will we do in the eighties?) This is a minor point perhaps, and the major one is that Mrs. Shearer has done a fine job of rounding up some surprising new and largely unknown artists. Yet she seems in her preface to be almost apologizing for their individuality. "We must... change our attitudes and approach artists as individuals, viewing their work as independent of specific movements or groups."

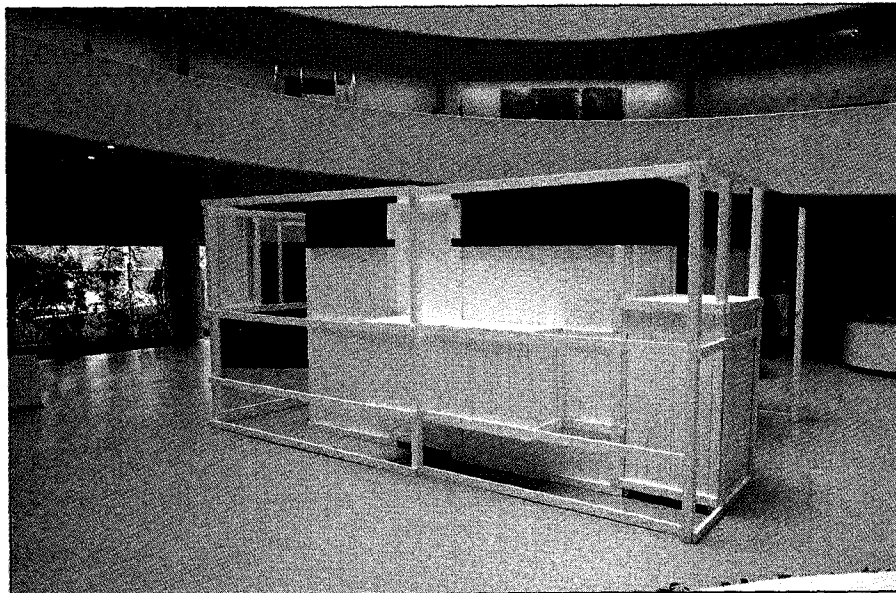
It is sad that this seemingly obvious fact needs to be stated at all; I guess it does, though there have always been a few people around who perversely approached artists as individuals.

Once the artists have dealt with the sixties, they go on to talk interestingly and with surprisingly unfeigned modesty about their work. Here I do get a sense of a new development. The fifties were the era of bombast—with a few exceptions it is better to ignore the statements the Abstract Expressionists made about their work. The sixties were a time of bureaucratic polemics: Artists' statements tended to sound as though drafted by a committee.

The Guggenheim artists aren't ashamed to admit that they are sometimes puzzled by their own work, and I especially like John Egner's comment: "I have a real problem with the word 'understanding.'... The art that has moved me most profoundly has been that which I have not understood."

They have varying and unorthodox opinions on the work of their contemporaries, and the artists of the past who interest them are often refreshingly unfashionable. Klee is cited by two of them, and this is in line with a general inclination to "get small" as well as to investigate art outside the mainstream.

Texas painter Danny Williams, one of Mrs. Shearer's exciting discoveries, shows dark, lush acrylics on paper that hint at landscapes, leaves, or flowers without actually representing them,



House by the side of the ramp: Siah Armajani's Lissitzky's Neighborhood, Center House (1978), made of wood, corrugated metal, Plexiglas, and enamel; 14 by 36 by 32 feet.

somewhat in the manner of Arthur Dove. Even his geometrical abstractions have the freshness and fragrance of nature clinging to them.

The paintings of Australian-born Denise Green are also situated somewhere between abstraction and representation. Her haunting and enigmatic *Trapdoor*, a tiny oblong crevice in a dark plane, is, in her words, "both an abstracted image of the object and a representation of an idea."

Scott Burton's eerie counterfeit furniture is very close to the real thing, but stops just beyond it. There is a borax Queen Anne dining-room chair cast in bronze, pastel-striped baby furniture on shiny casters, and a small but chunky lacquered table which, he says, "aims at a certain massiveness, [but] will force a psychological intimacy on the people who are sitting at it."

John Egner's wooden wall pieces are descendants of Russian Futurism: *Interceptor* suggests a collapsing Lissitzky-designed grandstand. The laths are either left raw or stained pale, fetching colors. He learned from Frank Stella that "you can't do anything wrong with color," and this seems to be true, at least for him and for Stella.

German-born Nachume Miller's works are environments, sort of, though he rejects this sixties tag; they have the zany inventiveness of early Rauschenberg, whom he admires. *Studio Piece* is composed of a number of dissonant elements: real furniture behind transparent plastic screens, a pointillist painting of a staircase, and other things too undecipherable to mention. Again, an important new talent.

One artist who is getting big rather than small is Iranian-born Siah Armajani, who lives and teaches in Minneapolis. His *Lissitzky's Neighborhood, Center House* is actually a house, and it fills up the Guggenheim's lobby. It is one of a series of five he has designed. (Maquettes of a bridge and another house are also shown.)

It reminded me of one of the unheralded glories of American architecture, the Winchester "mystery" house in San Jose, California, where one has similar feelings of being lost in the corridors of someone's mind.

The show was funded by the Exxon Corporation. Guggenheim director Thomas Messer states in the catalog that "it was required that none of those chosen command high prices, so that the Guggenheim could acquire one work by each participant as part of the exhibition project." Good news for Exxon stockholders, no doubt, but perhaps less than complimentary to the artists, most of whom are well above bargain-basement quality.

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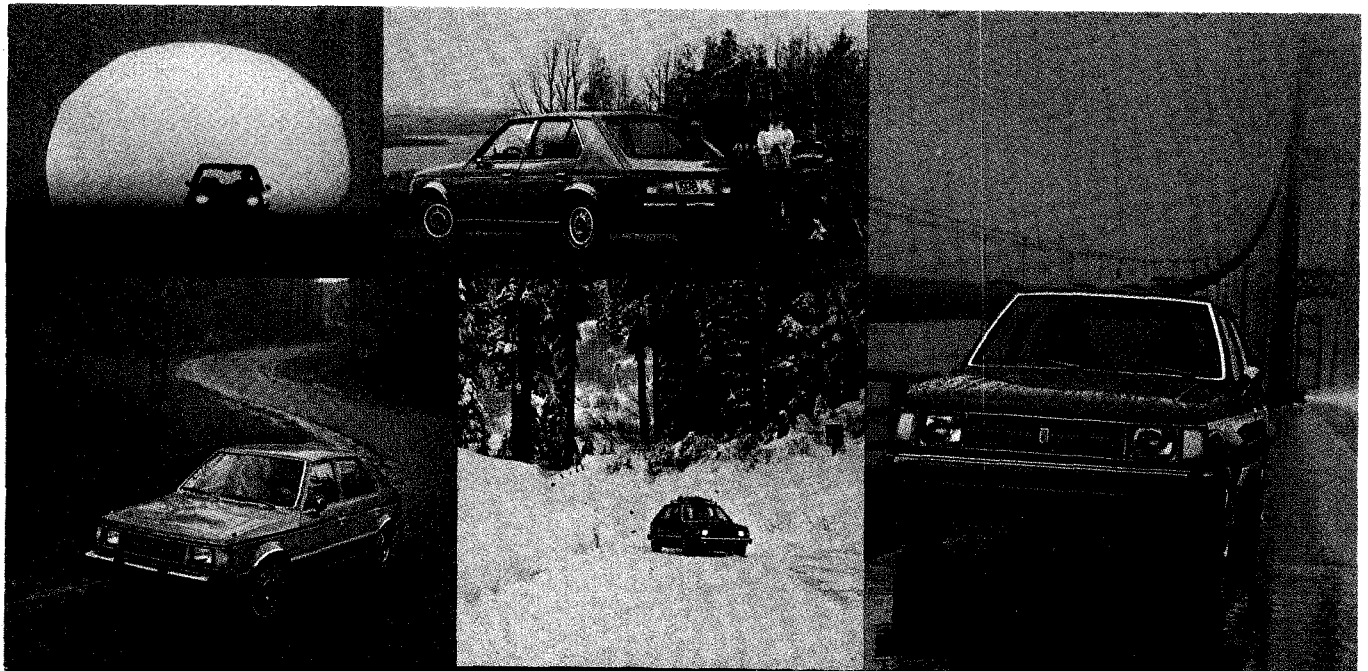
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Movies / Molly Haskell

SUGAR, NO SPICE

“... Despite scrupulous attention to period, *The Last Supper* is less convincing as spectacle than any Hollywood swashbuckler...”

In 1974, United States relations with Cuba were so strained that when a politically innocuous film critics' group to which I belong tried to send Tomas Gutierrez Alea a special award—a plaque and a \$2,000 prize—for his *Memories of Underdevelopment*, we were enjoined from doing so under the Trading With the Enemy Act. This created quite a stir in our little group, as we transferred the check, which no bank would touch, from one cookie jar to another and discussed the possibilities of our making a clandestine entry into Cuba.

Now Alea's new film, *The Last Supper*, has just premiered. Simultaneously, a delegation of Cuban filmmakers—minus Alea—has been touring the United States with a festival of new Cuban films, all more radically doctrinaire than those banned in previous years. In New York for the festival's opening at the Beacon, the delegation agreed to accept the plaque for Alea. What happened to the 2,000 bucks is anybody's guess, but presumably it hasn't found its way into the coffers of the Cuban Film Institute, under whose revolutionary banner all films are authorized, made, censored, etc., and to whose purposes Alea has pledged himself.

From a stylistic point of view, there was nothing particularly innovative or striking in *Memories of Underdevelopment*. What captured the imagination was the unexpected ambiguity of this wry, reflective portrait of a Cuban intellectual caught between two worlds. Alea hadn't yet been converted to the collectivist orientation of the new Cuban cinema, with its emphasis on uprooting the weeds of bourgeois thought through allegories and quasi-documentaries. Though he now insists that *Memories* is 100 percent anti-bourgeois and pro-revolution, what marks that film as a throwback is not so much what we perceive as its disenchantment with the revolution, but rather its concentration on the problems of a single individual, an individual with whom (evil bourgeois sentimentality!) a thinking person might actually identify.

There is also such a character in *The*



Last Supper—his name is Don Gaspar and he is an engineer imported from Haiti—but the role has been reduced to a virtual walk-on, and that may be one of the more curious aspects of Alea's new film.

Set on a Havana sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century, it is based on the true story of an uprising that occurred when the master—a wobbly neurasthenic with a Christ complex—invited twelve slaves to a re-enactment of the Last Supper, and gave them ideas above their station. It is a tale full of flesh-and-blood ironies, but it plays like amateur night at the hacienda. The repast that could have been a satirist's dream—there is, for example, the wonderful impasse that occurs when the count speaks of consuming the body and blood of Christ and the slaves take the metaphor literally as cannibalism—is a dull, monotonous affair, its satirical edge blunted by longueurs. And the bloody denouement, in which the heavenly lord reverts to landlord, is no less turgid.

Despite its scrupulous attention to period lighting and color and costume, *The Last Supper* is less convincing as spectacle than any ten Hollywood swashbucklers. It's not easy to know whether the awkwardnesses represent the excesses of an alien acting style, the weaknesses of a director ill at ease with period, or—more optimistically, per-

haps—our old friend the Alienation Effect. Is Alea deliberately sabotaging his juiciest moments, drying up bourgeois responses like humor and identification so that we can make a clearheaded analysis of the class struggle? If so, any reading beyond the obvious one of the slaves' oppression is unclear. We are meant to see in the landlord's behavior a satire of liberalism, but mightn't we then infer from the havoc he creates a plea for an enlightened despot, someone who would at least be free of the cardinal sin of hypocrisy? The cruel overseer who beats the slaves, and whom they eventually kill, is carrying out the disciplinary measures for which the count is afraid to take responsibility. The problem confronting Cuba, as it had confronted the American South—another backward agricultural economy—a century earlier, was that the one way to achieve parity with more developed nations was to increase productivity and efficiency through cheap—i.e., slave—labor.

This uncomfortable truth lurks beneath the swirling forces of *The Last Supper*, but the only character who might have shed some reasonable light on it, and on Alea's attitude, is Don Gaspar, the bespectacled technician who appears too fleetingly to be more than a tantalizing presence. Asked about his significance in an interview, Alea explained that because the character became too interesting, his role had to be reduced. That, I suppose, is his ultimate significance: In a revolutionary context, in the choosing up of sides, the intellectual who is caught in the middle becomes a spectator, and the spectator becomes a non-person... disappears, in the cinema's apt equivalent of the guillotine, onto the cutting-room floor.

Any resemblance borne by the names Theo Thomasis, President and Mrs. James Cassidy, Nico, son of Theo, and opera singer Sophia Matalas to persons living or dead is purely factitious. Gossip lovers be warned: The characters of *The Greek Tycoon* may be drawn from yesterday's headlines, but the text is pure puffery. This is not an

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account of twentieth-century royalty from the valet point of view, but as they might wish to see themselves, warless and tall. Whether for practical legal reasons or because they suffered an irrelevant attack of good taste, screenwriter Mort Fine and director J. Lee Thompson have opted to tell the famous story of love and lucre not as it was or might have been, but as it should have been.

There is nothing petty or perfidious in the behavior of Lizzie (Jacqueline Bisset) in marrying Theo (Anthony Quinn) after the assassination of her president-husband (James Franciscus) on the beach of their New England hideaway (Mount Vernon *sur mer*). When Lizzie shudders at the coldness of putting their financial and sexual arrangements into writing, Theo assures her it is an old Greek custom. Lizzie feels dreadful about leaving Theo alone while she heads for the Paris couturiers, while Theo prefers solitary meditation in a Greek fishing port to the warm arms and flashing smile of his songbird mistress.

As the title indicates, the film is built around the character of Quinn's Thomas and his eminently photogenic empire, and for the longest time the perspective is that of a travelogue from Mount Olympus. Endless aerial shots of Greek islands and partying grounds share the screen with spectacular postcard views of New York and the White House. The Western Hemisphere is a Monopoly board which Theo and Lizzie stride like two colossuses, reducing its most majestic sites to negotiable blocks.

The potentials for gaucherie are planted, like land mines, throughout the material, and the fact that Quinn and Bisset avoid most of them is no mean achievement. As a man near death, Quinn moves me in a way he never did as the ebullient Zorba. There is something in the sight of a large man shrinking that turns nature inside out, and Quinn manages his own decline beautifully. He slips with relative ease into the role of Thomas, who is less a character than an emanation of the Mediterranean life force, while Bisset has the more difficult task of having to refer to someone we know very well—and not well at all. Sometimes, in the distance, in dark glasses or in silhouette, she looks remarkably like the twice-married former First Lady. At other times she resembles only the lovely Jacqueline Bisset trying very hard to be pleasant. Like the film, she can neither inhabit history nor sufficiently free herself of its shadow to render anything other than a dully flattering reproduction.

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It’s a long, long time from May to September, but the days (and nights) will be lively with merrymaking: oompah bands, Ukrainian folk dancers, alpine bell ringers, greased-pole climbers, bouzouki players, puppeteers, belly dancers, strolling musicians. New York is a summer festival, if you happen to know where to find the outdoor

revelry—and you will, for here is a calendar of fiestas, frolics, and street fairs all over town, from Staten Island to Nassau County. Since plans for many of these festivals are not yet final, call the numbers listed for last-minute details and—if it proves necessary—rain dates. And then, go out and celebrate.

Feast of St. Anthony

June 1-13

St. Anthony’s Shrine Church

West Houston and Sullivan streets

This, the favorite festa of many New Yorkers, honors St. Anthony of Padua, the patron saint of lost property. Sullivan Street from West Houston to Spring will be gay with people crowding amusement rides, playing games of chance, browsing at gift and craft booths, and noshing on all kinds of Italian and Portuguese and Korean and Chinese delicacies. The high point: a band-led procession at 7 P.M. on June 13, when the saint’s statue will come marching in—or up—Sullivan on the shoulders of four sturdy bearers. Across West 3rd Street they’ll carry it, down Thompson, then back to the shrine church. At midnight that night there will be a drawing for prizes (two Chevrolets and five portable color television sets). *Hours:* 7 P.M. to midnight on weekdays, even later on weekends. *Getting there:* IRT Lexington Avenue line to Bleecker Street; IRT Seventh Avenue line to West Houston; IND Sixth and Eighth Avenue lines to Spring Street or West 4th Street. (777-2755)

Brighton Jubilee

June 4

Brighton Beach Avenue off

Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn

Knishes and other Jewish specialties will be available at this all-day, seven-block Brighton bash. So will other good things—Philippine, Italian, and Greek foods, and local and imported (from Manhattan) entertainment: the New York City Orchestra, clowns, and strolling poets. A flea market too. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to 9 P.M. *Rain date:* June 11. *Getting there:* BMT Brighton Beach line or IND D train to Brighton Beach stop. (891-8155 until 3 p.m.; 646-7433 after 3 p.m.)

St. Paul’s Grecian Festival

June 9-11

St. Paul’s Greek Orthodox Church

110 Cathedral Avenue,

Hempstead, Nassau County

Two acres of celebrations: Greek imports—jewelry, crafts, boutique items, artworks—a flea market, a Greek-wine-and-cheese section, children’s games, a Greek coffee shop, a souvlaki pit, and, inside the church, a *taverna* with bouzouki music and Greek folk dancing in costume. The food promises to be fit for Zeus: 70,000 pieces of Greek pastry made by women of the parish, moussaka, dolmades, roast lamb, spanakopitas. Meals will cost \$3, \$4, and \$5. There will be special, free tours of the Byzantine church with its enshrined Weeping Madonna icon and its copies of thirteenth-century mosaics from Greece and Ravenna. *Hours:* 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Friday, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Saturday, 1 P.M. to 10 P.M. Sunday. *Getting there:* Long Island Rail Road to

Garden City (the church is five blocks from the station). (516 IV 3-5700)

Madison Square Park Fair

June 10, 11

Madison Square Park, 23rd Street and Fifth Avenue; also, between 23rd and 26th streets from Madison to Fifth.

“Old New York” is the theme. A giant military-band organ will play oldies; there’ll be free hayrides for kids, a skateboard demonstration, and an old-time vaudeville show (between 1 P.M. and 2 P.M.). Four hundred dealers will sell collectibles, antiques, and crafts. As for the edibles, they’ll be Chinese, Indian, Greek, Italian, and vegetarian. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. (For details, call Jill Cohen or Howard Schoenholtz, 868-3370.)

East Flatbush Festival

June 11

Avenue D from Utica Avenue to Albany Avenue, Brooklyn

A daylong, community-wide jambo-ree, with parading school bands, puppet shows, strolling clowns, and a potpourri of Irish, Italian, Jewish, and West Indian foods for sale. *Hours:* noon to 5 P.M. *Getting there:* IRT Flatbush Avenue line, No. 3 train, to Newkirk Avenue, then by bus to Utica Avenue. (783-4469)

52nd Street Festival

June 18

52nd Street between

Ninth Avenue and the East River

This is the fete for people who like people. Others will get claustrophobia. Between Ninth and Park avenues, you’ll find the art and antiques displays of 50 dealers; between Park Avenue and the East River, crafts exhibits and demonstrations; and everywhere, more food than you’ll want to think about: Belgian



"...Polka bands, alpine bell ringers, a beer barrel rolled down the garden path—it's a gloriously corny Oktoberfest in Queens..."

waffles, French quiches, and Pennsylvania Dutch funnel cakes, not to mention Thai, Indian, Greek, Hispanic, Chinese, and Italian dishes from 34 restaurants and other participating vendors. There will be live entertainment on four stages: the Wonder Beans Country String Band, the Clan Eireann Pipe Band, Bill Sledge and His Hammers, the Strawberry Sunshine and Suffolk Sounds barbershop quartets, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, and plenty more. The belly dancers will appear onstage between Fifth and Sixth avenues. *Hours:* 11:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. (566-2956 or 566-7258)

Midwood Mardi Gras

June 18

Avenue M from East 14th Street to Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn

No parades, but who needs 'em? This local fiesta should have plenty of verve: rock bands, mimes, roving clowns. And crafts and antiques booths. As for the food, the booths will reflect the neighborhood's cultural mix: Greek, Irish, Italian, Jewish. There will be plenty of crafts and community-center displays. *Hours:* noon to 6 P.M. *Getting there:* BMT Brighton Beach line or IND D train to Avenue M station. (783-4469 or 377-6096)

Southeast Queens Festival

June 24

Jamaica Avenue from Parsons Boulevard (159th Street) to new mall (165th Street), Jamaica, Queens

The music goes round and round and comes out all along the boulevard; the musicmakers (and dancers) will include many Afro-American groups, such as the African-American Ballet, the Liberation Ensemble, the Ebony

Express Dance Ensemble, and many others. Plus puppeteers, a parade, Haitian music. At the Farmer's Market, sample East Indian and other ethnic foods. There will be craft exhibits and art shows too. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. *Getting there:* IND E or F train to Parsons Boulevard stop. (291-1100 or 658-0913)

Queens Day

June 25

Flushing Meadows-Corona Park (site of the 1964 World's Fair), Queens

The daylong celebration begins with a 25-mile bike race starting at Terrace on the Park at 8 A.M.; there's to be a 5-mile run from the Unisphere at 10 A.M. On the stages, rock, pop, Latin, and jazz bands and ethnic folk-dance groups. As you meander about, you'll encounter clowns, puppet shows, strolling musicians, and an organ-grinder with monkey. In the Queens Museum on the park grounds, see the art show called "Play Ball!" And look—up in the sky—for the "sky typer" planes. *Hours:* 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. *Getting there:* IRT Flushing line, No. 7 train, to Willets Point Boulevard. (520-3280)

Big Apple Oktoberfest

June 30–July 16

Queens Botanical Garden, Flushing, Queens

All of the traditional, gloriously corny merrymaking, and three months ahead of the season to boot. Oompah and polka bands. Alpine bell ringers. Costumed folk dancers. Wood carving, glassblowing, and leatherworking demonstrated by craftsmen. High- and low-*deutsch* food. Imported German beer (and a barrel of it to be rolled down the garden path). But the wurst—all

kinds of it—should be best. *Hours:* 6 P.M. to midnight July 3, 4, and weekends. Entrance fee: \$2 for adults, free for children under twelve. *Getting there:* IRT Flushing line, No. 7 train, to Main Street. (886-3800)

Fiestas Patronales del Barrio '78

June 30–July 16
107th to 108th Street on Lexington Avenue

The Latin beat goes on for seventeen days. Thirty live Afro-Caribbean and jazz bands, with such performers as Angel Canales, Bobby Rodriguez, and Ricardo Marrero. The Puerto Rican Ballet. Poetry competitions. Rides and carnival games. And oh, the food! Bacaladito, sangría, rice and beans, roast pork, and other Puerto Rican specialties, as well as—¡caramba!—shish kebab, Italian sausages, and other ethnic foods. The most lively times will be opening day and weekends. *Hours:* 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. on weekdays, later on weekends. *Getting there:* IRT Lexington Avenue line to 110th Street. (427-0408)

Harbor Festival '78

July 1–4
Battery Park and vantage points along the river

Four days of boat races, water parades, and other nautical spectacles. Some high points: the Parade of Sail—some 300 vessels moving upriver from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. July 1, viewable from the Battery to West 79th Street; the Parade of Four Cruise Liners, starting from West 48th Street at 4 P.M. and going out to sea; the Hudson Regatta, in the Upper Bay, July 2 and 3. There will be a land festival as well: The South Street Museum is planning



special events, and Ballet Hispanico, among others, will be part of a performing-arts festival held at the World Trade Center plaza at 1 P.M. on July 4. Not only that: On July 4 there'll be a Powerboat Parade, lifeboat races, and a Parade of Circle Liners, a concert in Riverside Park, and Macy's fireworks display shot from barges off the 79th Street Boat Basin at sunset. (466-1998)

Feast of Mount Carmel

July 7-16
Mount Carmel Church,
447 East 115th Street

A real old-fashioned neighborhood fiesta, with nine days and nights of novenas in the church and celebrations in the street. Stalls of Italian sausages and pizza, naturally, and some Puerto Rican foods. High points: a candlelight procession from the church through neighboring streets at 9 P.M. on July 15; a police-band-led procession at 10 A.M. on July 16. *Hours:* 7:30 P.M. to midnight, except July 15, when the church services go on all night. *Getting there:* IRT Lexington Avenue line to 116th Street. (534-0681)

Festa Italiana

July 20-30
Our Lady of Pompei Church,
25 Carmine Street (corner of Bleecker)
You don't have to be Italian to love this jamboree. Last year, the festival's spaghetti-eating record (fourteen seconds for 100 feet of the stuff) was set here—by a non-Italian. The food: all kinds of pasta, sausage, and Italian desserts, and also Philippine, Israeli, Japanese, Vietnamese, Korean, Arabic, and Spanish goodies. The other attractions: games of chance, rides, music, brass bands. The high point: the opening concert by the Mother Cabrini Band (Our Lady of Pompei was her church), July 20 from 6 P.M. to 7 P.M. Weekends are the most festive. *Hours:* noon to midnight. *Getting there:* IND

Sixth and Eighth Avenue lines to West 4th Street; IRT Seventh Avenue line to Houston Street. (989-6805)

Obon Festival

July 22
Riverside Mall in Riverside Park,
near Henry Hudson Parkway
between 105th and 106th streets

The Japanese Obon legend dates back to the sixth century B.C., when a Buddhist disciple saw the spirit of his dead mother suffering and through prayers expiated her sins, then joyfully danced when her spirit was freed. There's still dancing to the drumbeat, and the kimonoed participants make this one of the most interesting and unusual of New York's festivals. *Hours:* 6:30 P.M. to 9 P.M. (678-9213)

Harlem Week

August 22-26
Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard
between 125th and 155th streets

This week-long celebration culminates in Harlem Day, Saturday, the twenty-sixth. There are three main staging areas: at 125th Street, an international carnival of art, community projects, and African, Latin American, West Indian, and southern foods; at 135th Street, fashion shows, sports events, live entertainment; at 155th Street, a children's carnival, sports clinics. At 10 A.M., a parade begins at Seventh Avenue and 110th Street and proceeds to 125th. Many political, sports, and entertainment figures will speak. *Hours:* 10 A.M. to midnight. *Getting there:* IRT Seventh Avenue to 125th or 135th Street; IND Eighth Avenue to 125th, 135th, or 155th Street. (427-3315)

One World Festival

September 9, 10
St. Vartan Armenian Cathedral
and park, Second Avenue
between 34th and 36th streets
This charming fete celebrates the

dance, music, food, and crafts of America's many nationality groups. There will be daylong continuous performances by costumed folk dancers from the Philippines, the Ukraine, Scotland, Israel, many other countries—changing every half hour. There'll be a photography exhibit and displays of stained glass, pottery, stitchery, leather, jewelry. Restaurant Row, on 35th Street, will provide Indian, Thai, Italian, Vietnamese, Japanese, Philippine, Pennsylvania Dutch, Greek, and other specialties for sale, as well as homemade Armenian pastries and snacks. *Hours:* noon to 11 P.M. Saturday, noon to 7 P.M. Sunday. (686-0710)

Tibetan Harvest Festival

September 9, 10
Jacques Marchais Tibetan Museum,
338 Lighthouse Avenue, Staten Island
New York's most exotic festival, a re-creation of a Tibetan harvest. The museum garden is set up like an Oriental bazaar, with Tibetan handicrafts, antiques, fortune-telling, food booths. Sample milarepa nettle soup (stinging nettles), mo-mo (meat dumplings), special teas, other delicacies. The high point: Tibetan monks performing the harvest ceremony each day at 3 P.M. *Hours:* noon to 6 P.M. A small admission charge. *Getting there:* Staten Island Ferry, then the No. 113 bus to Lighthouse Avenue; or the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Take the second exit, Richmond Road, after the bridge, and go south to Lighthouse Avenue. (987-3478)

African-American Day Parade

September 10
111th Street to 142nd Street
on Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard
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booths symbolizing the black heritage and contributions to society. It begins at 111th Street at 1 P.M. Deputy Mayor Basil Paterson will be grand marshal; the Morgan State University Band will lead off; over 1,000 organizations will participate. Notables will be at the 125th Street reviewing stand. Among the groups participating: Larocque Bey Dance Group, Olantunji Dance Group, drums corps. *Hours:* 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. *Getting there:* IRT Seventh Avenue line to 110th or 125th Street. (Call Abe Snyder or Abdel Krim, 348-3080.)

Third Avenue Merchants Association (TAMA) County Fair

September 10

Third Avenue between 14th and 34th streets

Six hundred booths of crafts, antiques, homemade goods, and food, provided by dealers from all over the eastern United States. Glassblowing, pottery, wood carving, beekeeping demonstrations. Restaurateurs and vendors offering soul food, Hawaiian, Chinese, Italian, Indian, vegetarian, and American edibles. There'll be music and dance at various sites; on the main stage, at 23rd Street and Third Avenue, three bluegrass groups, a brass quintet, singers, dancers, magicians. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. *Rain date:* September 17. (Call Jill Cohen, 868-3370.)

A Day at the Bay

September 10

Sheepshead Bay—Manhattan Beach mall area at Emmons Avenue

Clowns, bands, a parade, square dances, the Mazeltov Orchestra, puppets, an art show. Foods from the sea, plus some Italian and Jewish extras. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. *Getting there:* BMT Brighton Beach line or IND D train to Sheepshead Bay. (783-4469)

Feast of San Gennaro

September 14–24

Church of the Most Precious Blood, Mulberry Street from Park Street to East Houston Street

As fiestas go, this is the padre of them all, a nonstop gala by which all other festivals are judged. Mulberry Street will be festooned with lights and lined with stands bearing Italian sausages, pizzas, and all kinds of Neapolitan treats. Get there on September 17 for the four-hour parade, with elab-

orate floats, that begins at Mulberry and Hester streets at 2 P.M.; on September 19, a two-hour procession will wend its way to the church, then back to the Society of San Gennaro's office at 140 Mulberry Street. The greased-pole-climbing contest will take place on Hester Street at 4 P.M. on September 14 (the money prize is at the top of the pole). *Hours:* noon to midnight, later on weekends. *Getting there:* IRT Lexington Avenue line or BMT Broadway line to Canal Street. (CA 6-9546)

Steuben Day Celebrations

September 15–17

A weekend of revelry honoring General von Steuben, the Prussian major general who helped us American rebels win our revolution. On Friday at noon, German folk-dance groups will perform on the City Hall steps; on Saturday comes the Steuben Day parade—bands, floats, folk costumes—up Fifth Avenue from 63rd Street to 86th Street, starting at noon. And on Sunday, at Plattdeutsch Park, Franklin Square, Long Island, from noon to dark, there'll be an Oompafest. This jolly-sounding festival is a small Oktoberfest in a big tent: twelve bands, choirs, a symphony orchestra, folk dancers in Bavarian, Swabian, and other regional costumes. And, of course, booths with smoked eel, German pancakes, apfel strudel. *Hours:* noon to 6 P.M. *Getting there:* Buses to the Oompafest leave from 33rd Street and Eighth Avenue, across from Madison Square Garden, at 10 A.M. Cost: \$10 (includes \$2.50 entrance fee). (Call Staats-Herold Tours, 786-1110.)

Flatbush Frolic

September 17

Cortelyou Road between Coney Island Avenue and Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn

Continuous events—rock bands, folk singers, puppet shows, street mimes, clowns, sports. A short parade. Italian, Jewish, and soul food. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. *Getting there:* BMT Brighton Beach line or IND D train to Cortelyou Road station. (783-4469)

East Side Festival

September 17

Third Avenue between 60th and 96th streets

Stages at 65th Street, 72nd Street, and 86th Street (and platforms at three other locations) will present pleasant diversions: Greek folk dancing, opera,

rock, jugglers, clowns. Browsers will poke about the craft and antiques booths, watch weaving and potting demonstrations, and sample souvlaki and Irish soda bread and quiche and pâté and health foods and miniature doughnuts made to order. Kids will throng the Department of Recreation Skatemobile, Playmobile, and Mario-nettemobile. *Hours:* 11 A.M. to dusk. *Rain date:* September 24. (580-0140)

Atlantic Antic

September 24

Atlantic Avenue from the river to Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn

Merriment in Flatbush: belly dancers; country and rock groups; steel bands; Arabic, Jewish, Italian, and soul-food booths; crafts for sale; nonstop entertainment on three stages, one at Nevins Street, one near Court Street, one near Third Avenue. A parade, starting at Hicks Street and Third Avenue, will lead off the day. *Hours:* 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. *Getting there:* Any subway to Atlantic Avenue or Flatbush Avenue. (783-4469)

A Grecian Festival

October 6-8

St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church of Flushing, 196-10 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, Queens

Greek-fair aficionados award this three-day fantasia four stars. It's an indoor-outdoor event, lavishly decorated. Always there's a *taverna* sprightly with bouzouki music and costumed folk dancers; a huge pastry shop full of baklava and other honey-rich desserts baked by the women of the parish; an outdoor café and souvlaki pits; complete meals with homemade moussaka and dolmades; and a tour of the church to see the relics of St. Nicholas. *Hours:* 6 P.M. to midnight Friday, noon to midnight Saturday, 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. Sunday. *Getting there:* IRT Flushing line, No. 7 train, to Main Street, Flushing, then Q12 or Q13 bus to the door. (357-4200)

Three Hierarchs Greek Festival

September 22-24

Three Hierarchs Greek Orthodox Church, 1724 Avenue P, Flatbush, Brooklyn

Good food (a complete Greek dinner for \$5), lots of bouzouki music, costumed dancers, booths of imported Greek artifacts and clothing. *Hours:* 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. Friday, 10 A.M. to 1 A.M. Saturday, 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. Sunday. *Getting there:* BMT Brighton Beach line or IND D train to Kings Highway. (DE 9-0280)

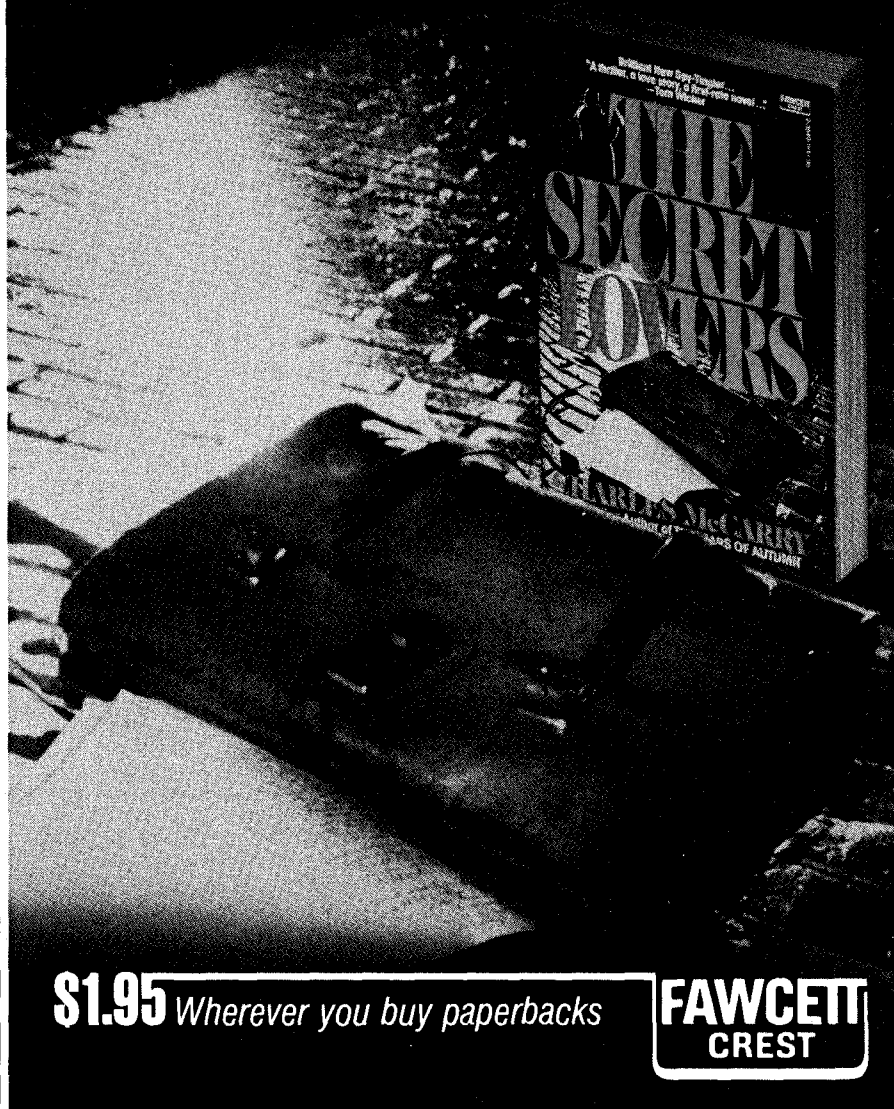
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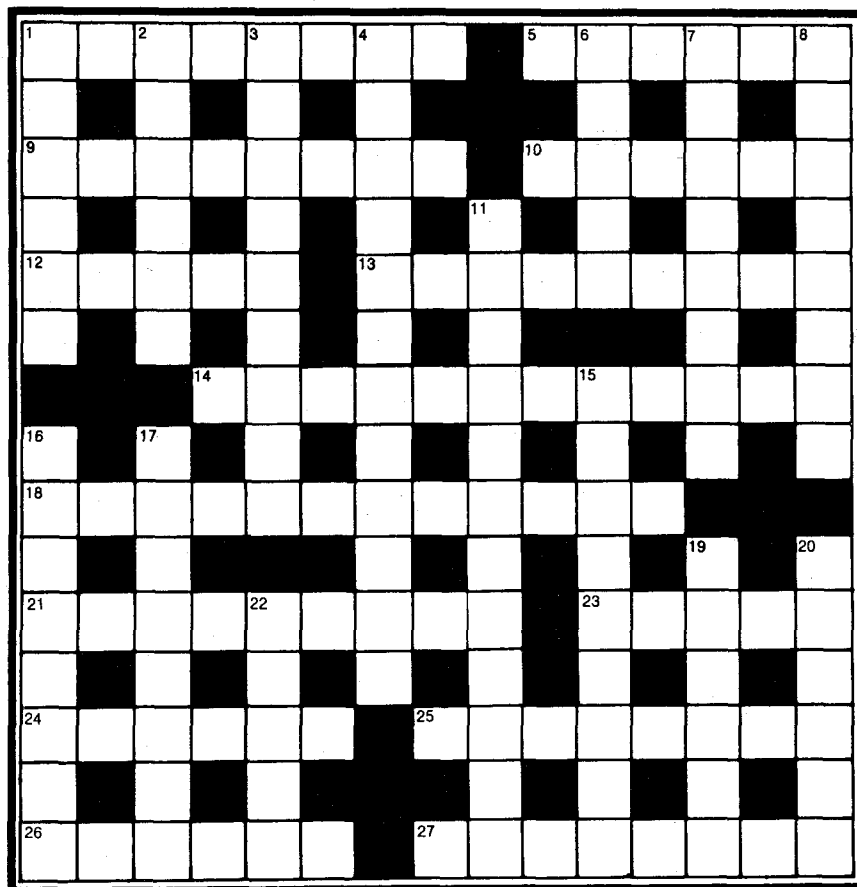


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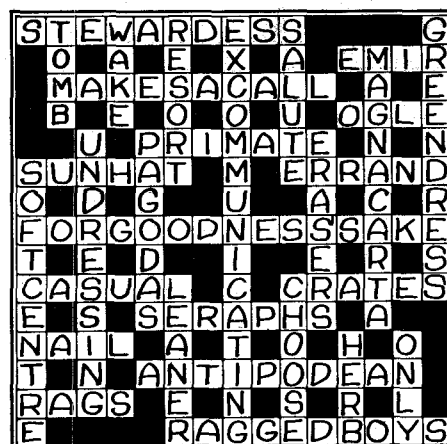
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CREST**

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Mr. Kern's display vessel. (4, 4)
- 5 Fashionable doctor takes on gorgeous girl. (6)
- 9 Motto might be happier without that ghastly initial! (8)
- 10 Hanger-on is lax and exotic. (6)
- 12 Floating home for the self-motivated loner? (5)
- 13 Language used by near-poets. (9)
- 14 Grapes meant nothing unusual as fruit. (12)
- 18 Matters of very

- great importance caused by difficulty with gems. (6-6)
- 21 Feline flier in plane? (5-4)
- 23 Farewell to holidays? (5)
- 24 Animals? Rubbish! (6)
- 25 Understanding how to arrange scolding after tea. (8)
- 26 Spoon, maybe, with court figure. (6)
- 27 Socially acceptable to give voice and talk garrulously when acting as a dentist often does? (5, 3)

DOWN

- 1 Stink caused

- when gun gets award. (6)
- 2 The expert knows them as a source of water. (6)
- 3 Push your way rudely towards a European—a symbol of untouchability? (5-4)
- 4 Seizing with fear? (12)
- 6 Shopkeeper doesn't start to grow a tree. (5)
- 7 Devil of an example of togetherness gives you freedom from ill consequences! (8)
- 8 Mulled claret, perhaps, is just

- right for breakfast. (3, 5)
- 11 Chirpy bird goes round selling others. (7-5)
- 15 Weapon under sewer—particular weapon. (6-3)
- 16 Sinks coal-carriers. (8)
- 17 More vivid, more cheerful, more clever. (8)
- 19 Father has fish—isn't looking at all well! (6)
- 20 Shakespearean character, within certain limits. (6)
- 22 Old official goes about with the first woman. (5)

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LOST IN SPACE

“... Seeing Liz Swados’s *Runaways* a second time took away from its fascination, but if you have not seen it before, see it now...”

This week’s offerings seem to have been devised to alert us to the importance of context. First, take *Runaways*, just transferred to Broadway from the Public Theater, and not a little worse for the trip. No need to repeat my original evaluation (March 27, 1978), mostly favorable; what must be recorded here is how I find the show diminished.

To begin with, the space at the Plymouth is different: wider, but less deep. So we do not get the sense of the stage—or playground—stretching away into a distance that can dwarf the youngsters let loose in it, perhaps swallow them altogether. They have been converted from loners against a threatening perspective into figures in a frieze. Though figures in a frieze can be engaged in violent activities, they can never seem lonely, isolated, insignificant.

Of course, other things have been done to undermine the efficacy of the show. To the original eighteen performers, eight more have been added, presumably to fill out the frieze and magnify the sound. But these eight have no individual parts, and even look faintly out of place—notably one tiny black girl, who should not even be up so late, and who is almost always out of sync with the rest. Eighteen was a company, but 26, I’m afraid, is a crowd. Additional props have been introduced, and, though this may be merely an optical illusion generated by the fancier ambience, the kids look less scruffy, more scrubbed. Furthermore, the loss of Diane Lane, off to make a movie, from the key role of a child prostitute is a major minus. The replacement, Rachael Kelly, has neither Miss Lane’s lyrical grace nor her tragic vulnerability. Moreover, Rachael (is it she or her parents who cannot spell Rachel?) lacks Diane’s stunning looks.

Context has yet another meaning: the frame of mind we bring to a show. In my special case, seeing *Runaways* a second time took away from its fascination—whereas a true work of art improves with repeated seeing. But even if you are catching it for the first time, on Broadway it doesn’t ring quite so true. Those continuous tirades against parents (it almost makes you



want to take up cudgels for these unhappy progenitors, to see them set up as sitting ducks in number after number) feel more compelling in an East Village theater than on West 45th Street, at much higher prices and with an audience that might come just for the pleasure of being verbally assaulted.

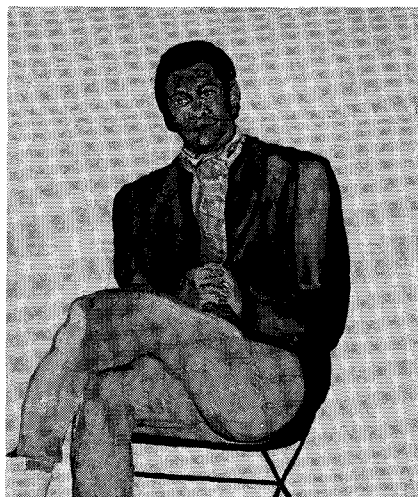
Some performances, moreover, have proved inadequate: Nan-Lynn Nelson’s spaced-out chick is both exaggerated and monotonous; Karen Evans’s face and voice have no interesting modulations. But there are also performances that continue to be delightful, notably those by Carlo Imperato, Evan H. Miranda, Trini Alvarado (whom even trouble with her throat on opening night could not faze), and Jossie De Guzman, a young person of consummate poise and persuasiveness. One song still appears first-rate, “Every Now and Then,” underscored by Bernie Al-
linson’s lovely skateboard ballet; several others, on second hearing, sound almost as good; some remain nonsongs. The words often skirt preciousness, but equally often display force and wry wit, and can be, very simply, moving. The staging, the aforesaid strictures aside, is still winning. If you have not seen Liz Swados’s *Runaways* before, see it now; as with the sibylline books, you

now must pay more for less, but you can’t afford to pass it up altogether.

The telephone directory is a very informative and useful book, but it should not be set to music and put on the stage: You can stop a door with it, but not a show. Much the same goes for Studs Terkel’s *Working*, which Stephen Schwartz has adapted into a musical. It is a distinctly clever attempt to do the impossible, but no amount of ingenuity is worth the common sense that would have told one to desist. Terkel’s book is a hefty collection of interviews with workers of every color and collar, up and down the social totem (or tote ‘em) pole. The idea was to find out what their work brings or doesn’t bring to people, and what they bring or don’t bring to it. This makes for interesting reading because you get a sense of the person’s entire life from the full interview; because you can make your own cross-references; and because you can ponder at leisure as you read at your own speed. You are even pleasantly surprised at how good some of these nonprofessional word users are at finding felicitous formulations.

But boil this down to 40 people, take only the catchiest moments of the interviews, devise slick ways of moving from one story to the next, turn a few items into songs or dances, or even into big production numbers, and you’ve got a musical revue whose basic words were coined by amateurs competing in the professional marketplace, and a topic—working—that is too multifarious, too elusive, almost abstract; certainly nothing so specific as, say, runaway children. Above all, the cast of seventeen is obliged to do much doubling and tripling, so that you cannot even associate one face with one piece of the mosaic, and everything ends in a swirling blur. Hardly has one character captured your concern, already you’re yanked off to sympathize with the next one. And it is all a bit too bland: Though we begin with a musical setting of “I Hear America Singing,” the song is not so much Walt Whitman’s as Paul Whiteman’s.

A regular musical revue may have



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NEW YORK

as much variety and flux, but at least contains writing of greater distinction than the incidental aptnesses of amateurs. If at least there were a steadily effective score and choreography! Instead, the songs, by several hands, go from no more than pleasant to less than acceptable, some of James Taylor's (e.g., "Millwork") and all of Craig Carnelia's being especially uninspired. Onna White's dances work well when they are content to translate or parody work or sport movements; when they try to ascend into pure dance, they nose-dive at takeoff.

There are, however, things to praise about *Working*. Stephen Schwartz has done some shrewd abridging and connecting, and has created a smart semblance of a continuity. David Mitchell's mixed-media scenery coheres astoundingly; Michele Brouman's dance and incidental music, though derivative, is also a boon to the ear; Kirk Nurock's orchestrations are original and flexible; and there is a cast that is almost uniformly good. The only poor work comes from Robin Lamont, who cheapens everything she touches, and from little Matthew McGrath, who is a cute kid but utterly mush-mouthed: A quick survey during intermission revealed that no one I queried understood more than a modest fraction of the lyrics to the nice Schwartz song he delivers spiritedly and inscrutably.

Especially satisfying work comes from Lynne Thigpen, Lenora Nemetz, Susan Bigelow (why so little of her?), Bobo Lewis, Arny Freeman (very moving as a retired shipping clerk), and Matt Landers, who, in several parts, is always totally different but consistently accomplished and likable. And Stephen Schwartz has directed with forthrightness and polish, though he need not have made the able Patti LuPone become quite so teary about being a call girl.

Still, when you come right down to it, *Working* (like *Runaways*, which, however, profits from being a more written show) is almost all monologues, and monologue, being only a poor second to dialogue onstage, has to try much harder than it does here.

Thomas Wolfe needs his hundreds and hundreds of pages, his exhausting but inspiredly fanatical rhetoric; pare him down for the stage, and his bare bones rattle around with embarrassing platitudinousness and sentimentality. *Angel* was *Look Homeward, Angel*, adapted by Ketti Frings, Gary Geld, and Peter Udell into a profoundly inept musical, and condignly directed by Philip Rose. Rather than having invested in this flop, the angels should have looked homeward.

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% Professional/Managerial	New Yorker	<i>NEW YORK</i>	New York Times Magazine	U.S. News	Time
% Graduated College	<i>NEW YORK</i>	New Yorker	New York Times Magazine	U.S. News	Time
% Age 25-49 & HHI \$25,000+	<i>NEW YORK</i>	New York Times Magazine	New Yorker	Time	U.S. News
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Source: 1977/1978 Simmons

There's a new vitality at

NEW YORK

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Mobile security—Security devices to help guard against car, motorcycle, and moped thieves are on sale. "Pocket pager" theft-warning systems alert car, camper, boat, and motorcycle owners by transmitting a coded radio signal when break-ins are attempted; can also be used as all-purpose paging systems (beepers): model SP 007, one watt, better than half-mile range, retail \$179.95, now \$124.95; new model SP 777, four watts, up to ten-mile range, penetrates buildings, retail \$219.95, now \$194.95. Sonic Sentry II anti-theft alarms use low-frequency ultrasonic sound, protect against glass breakage or any interior movement, beep owner's horn, automatically cut off and reset, retail \$59.95, now \$49.95. Car Cuffs foils auto theft by covering the ignition switch on the steering column, retail \$32.95, now \$24.95; Citadel "Ultra-High Security" moped locks, insured by manufacturer for theft up to \$200, retail \$34.95, now \$23.65; Afco trunk guards, chrome-plated heavy-gauge-steel covers for trunk-lock mechanism, retail \$9, now \$4.15; St. Croix headlamps, retail \$7.95, now \$5.95. Also, a second-anniversary discount of 10 percent off alarm installations during sale. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *REM Discount Security Products, Inc.*, 27 East 20th St. (533-1555); *Mon.-Fri. 9:30 a.m.-6 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; through 6/3.*

Kilims—This SoHo store is closing at the end of June, and all its kilims, regardless of earlier prices (up to \$650), are to be sold at one price, \$375, until the last week in June, when the remainder will go for \$345 each. All the kilim rugs are 100 percent wool and handmade, mostly Persian (a few Turkish), and all old. They come in a variety of sizes, including runners, and there are several hundred rugs to select from. Also, pillows ranging in size from tiny ones (were \$8) to floor cushions (were \$225) will be sold at 30 percent off; a small selection of Persian saddlebags, were \$65-\$145 for single bags, \$95-\$285 for double bags, now 15 percent off; wall hangings are 15 percent off; a selection of old Persian Soumack rugs, with flat-woven and needlework sections, were priced from \$475 to

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\$1,200, now 20 percent off; a few new Oriental pile rugs, roughly 4 ft. by 6½ ft., \$375; and camel blankets made by the Bakhtiari tribe, of needlework, pile, and kilim, were \$385-\$825, now 15 percent off. If necessary, old rugs will be cleaned for free at customer's request after purchase. Delivery free in Manhattan only; available elsewhere at additional cost. American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; no refunds, but exchanges possible until store closes. *La Chambre Perse (Persian Room)*, 409 West Broadway, between Prince and Spring sts. (243-4287); *Tues.-Sat. noon-7 p.m., Sun. 1-5 p.m., closed Mon.; through 6/30.*

Made to measure—Men's suits are custom-made by this 50-year-old firm, and there are hundreds of English fabrics to choose from, mostly all wool, some lighter-weight poly blends for spring and summer. A two-piece suit will cost \$345-\$395, depending on fabric, and would cost roughly \$500 or more elsewhere. Two to three fittings are involved. A vest may be added at an additional cost of \$50-\$70. Sport jackets are also custom-made here and run from \$275 to \$295, again depending on the cloth used. There are three fitters and eighteen tailors at work here; no appointment necessary for first or subsequent visits. Checks accepted; no credit cards; \$100 deposit is required on a suit. *Mervin S. Levine Co.*, 85 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (AL 5-7474); *Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat. till 3 p.m.*

Walls and windows—All window treatments here—shades, Levolor Riviera blinds, woven wood blinds, and vertical blinds—are one third off list prices for one week only. At the same time, Dutch Boy paints are reduced: fifteen colors plus white of the new "Dirt Fighter" ready-mixed latex flat paint, usually \$11.99 a gallon, now \$6.95; ready-mixed latex semi-gloss, usually \$15.50 a gallon, is now \$9.99. Also, a 20 percent reduction on all Dutch Boy custom colors, and 20-33.3 percent off the price of all wallpapers (over 300 books of patterns to choose from). Delivery in Manhattan only (free). Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Polivy Decorating Center*, 1644 Second Ave., between 85th and 86th sts. (RE 7-4006); *Mon.-Fri. 7:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m.-5 p.m., closed Sun.; through 5/29.*

Kitchen things—On sale here are a variety of things, from the French Hoan food processor, list price \$225, now \$135, to a pastry feather, usually 79 cents, now 25 cents. Also: the Vita Mix 3600, an all-purpose kitchen appliance that purées, juices, blends, makes dough, grinds grain, etc., list \$225, now \$165; 2-qt. soda syphon, usually \$24.95, now \$12.95; Mouli electric coffee grinder, list \$17.95, now \$9; lekvar (Hungarian prune butter), usually \$1.59 a lb., now 98 cents; ¼ lb. Hungarian paprika, usually 95 cents, now 49 cents. Also, 20 percent off everything in the store during the two weeks of the sale. American Express, Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks. *H. Roth and Son (Lekvar-by-the-Barrel)*, 1577 First Ave., at 82nd St. (RE 4-1111); *Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m.-6:30 p.m., closed Memorial Day; through 6/3.*

Menswear—This store is having a Memorial Day clearance sale of men's suits, jackets, and haberdashery. Featured are more than 200 summer and fall suits made by Lanvin, Chaps, Groshire, Cricketeer, and others, were \$155-\$295, now \$77.50-\$147.50 (sizes: 38-48 regular, 38-44 short, 40-48 long). Sport jackets, were \$75-\$225, now half price; shirts with short or long sleeves, by Puritan, Excello, Mancini, were \$15-\$22.50, now \$8-\$11.25; short-sleeved striped knit shirts by Trend, were \$15, now \$8.99; and a special group of Freeman shoes are now one third off. Alterations extra on sale merchandise. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Nibs Men's Shop*, 72-28 Main St., Flushing (263-8088); *Thurs.-Mon., 5/25-29 only, 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m., closed Sun., 5/28.*

Art supplies—Pearl Paint Co. is selling Pentel Sign Pens, usually 47 cents, for a nickel apiece. These Pentel felt-tips come in a wide range of pretty colors. Studio marking pens, fine and regular tip, usually 98 cents, are now being closed out at 49 cents; Blair artists' supplies such as spray colors, sealers, etc., are half price; and Arista colored poster chalks, list price \$6 a box, are \$3 here. Master Charge and Visa accepted on purchases over \$5; checks accepted. *Pearl Paint Co., Inc. (Art Department)*, 308 Canal St., between Broadway and Church sts. (431-7932); *Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m., Sat. till 4:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.* ■

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

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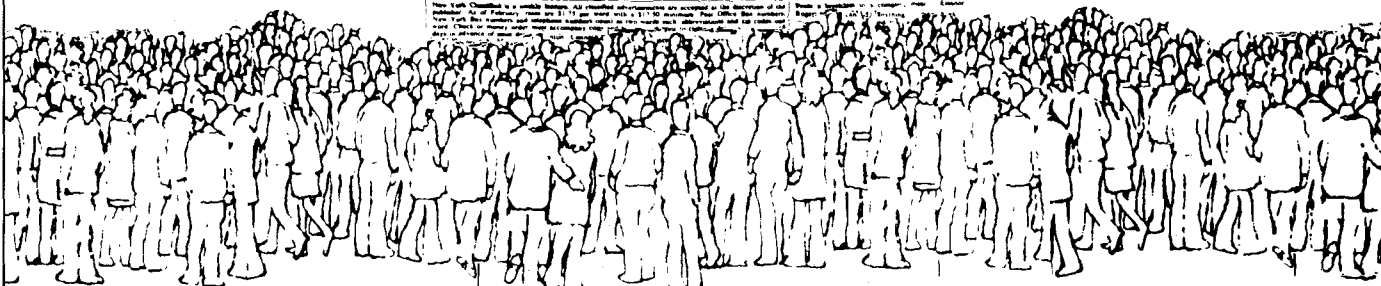
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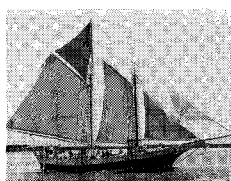
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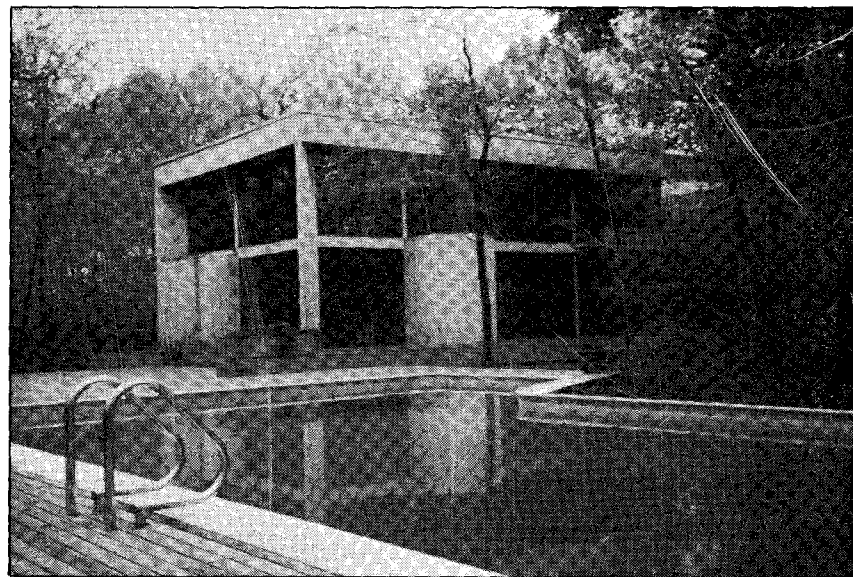
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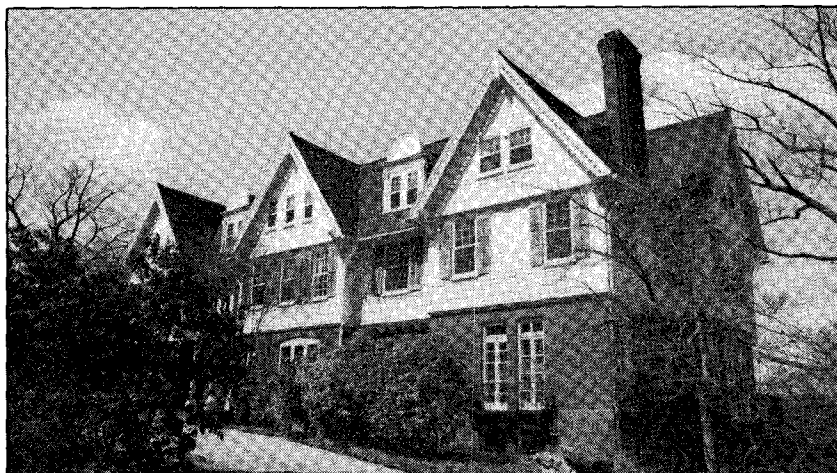


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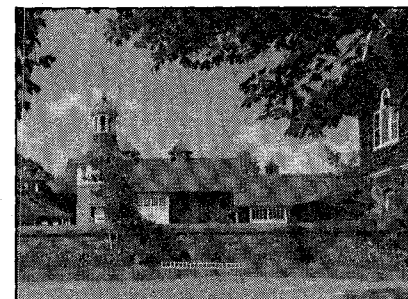
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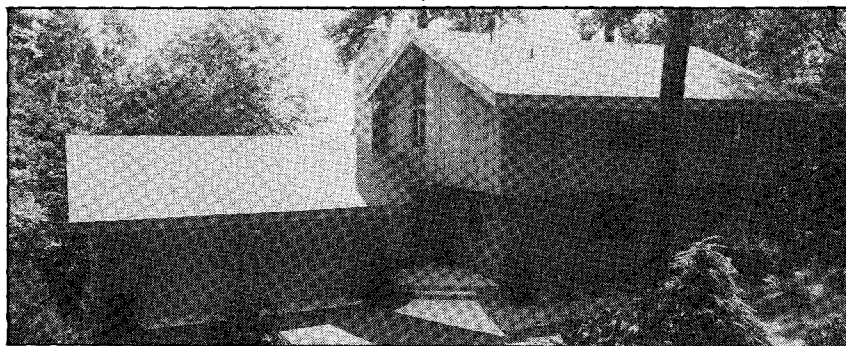
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THE NINE MEWS

"...Thomas Wolfe lived in a basement 'dungeon' at 40 Veranda Place. It was there he wrote 'Only the Dead Know Brooklyn'..."

Though many New Yorkers like to claim that they live in mews (plural of mews), few are lucky enough to do so. Mews are living quarters adapted from stables, and there are only nine of them in New York—four in Manhattan and five in Brooklyn. People who live on other small streets are merely residents of back streets, alleys, or culs-de-sac, and should be treated with the scorn they deserve.

1. Washington Mews. By the time this mews behind Washington Square North was converted into houses and studios, at the turn of the century, Greenwich Village had become the literary and artistic center of New York. Edward Hopper and William Glackens lived in Washington Mews, as did Walter Lippmann, John Dos Passos, and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney.

2. MacDougal Alley. George P. Rogers, whose carriage house overlooked the alley, wanted to cut down the clatter of the traffic that passed his mansion, so in 1833 he signed an agreement with his uncle, William Rhineland, to turn the alley into a private street. According to law, it had to be officially closed one day a year to retain its private status, a custom that continues to this day.

3. Sniffen Court. This mews at 152 East 36th Street was erected just before the Civil War. It was probably named after John Sniffen, architect of Romanesque-style buildings.

4. Charles Lane. A cobblestoned mews that runs from West to Washington Street, between Charles and Perry, Charles Lane is the only mews that has not been des-

ignated a landmark. Its original owner, Abijah Hammond, deeded it in 1797 to the state of New York, which built the first state prison, Newgate, on the site.

5. Love Lane. Now dominated by the local Bohack's, Love Lane, off Hicks Street above Pierrepont, does have a romantic history. Originally an Indian trail which led to a lookout on the cliffs above Furman Street, it became part of the property of two eccentric bachelors, John and Robert DeBevoise. The two brothers adopted a beau-

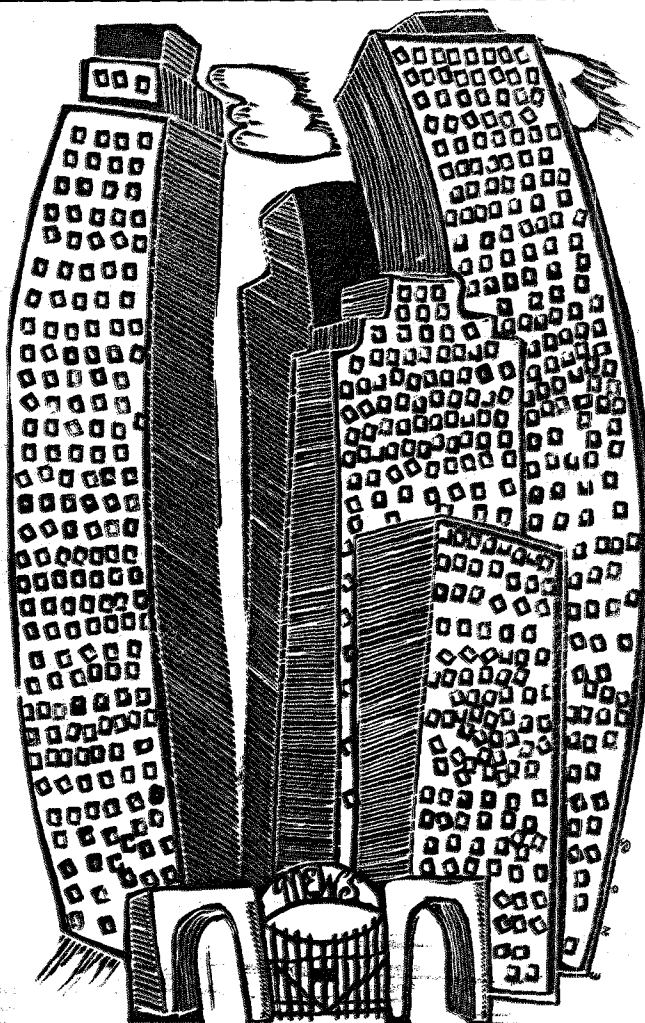
tiful young girl, Sara, who promenaded with her beaux in the carriageway. The mews was named after the lovers who carved their intertwined initials on its picket fence.

6. College Place. This mews, which runs into Love Lane, was laid out in 1835, as the street behind the Brooklyn Institute for Young Ladies. Unfortunately, advanced education for women was an idea whose time had not yet come in Brooklyn. The institute failed seven years later, and the building was turned into a hotel.

7. Hunts Lane. When Henry Pierrepont sold Thomas Hunt eight lots on Henry Street in 1856, he stipulated that the sixth lot south of Remsen Street was always to be used as "an alley in carriage and passageway." The mews was called Hunt's Alley until 1930, when residents of the by then converted buildings appealed to their alderman, who sponsored a resolution to rechristen it with the more respectable title of Hunts Lane.

8. Grace Court Alley. The stables of this mews, across Hicks Street from Grace Court, served the brownstones of Remsen and Joralemon streets. When the wealthy families there began disposing of their estates, one chauffeur received an unexpected bit of largess—the garage where he had worked. The mews and court were built in the early 1800s but named after the Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, opposite, built in 1847.

9. Veranda Place. The most famous resident of this mews, off Clinton Street in Cobble Hill, between Congress and Warren, was Thomas Wolfe, who lived at number 40. He wrote *You Can't Go Home Again* there, in which he described his basement apartment as "more like a dungeon than a room that a man would voluntarily elect to live in," and "No Door," in which he said, "In winter the place is cold and dark and sweats with clammy water, in summer you do all the sweating yourself." His gloomy quarters may have contributed to the mood of his most famous short story, also written at number 40: "Only the Dead Know Brooklyn."



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